

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## EIGHTEENTH OF MAY IS GOODWILL DAY

### THIS LOVELY LAND SEE IT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Fine Pictures of the World's  
Best Countryside

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Those who would seek England first may find it at the Royal Academy.

There, in room after room, the painters have hung its fields and woods, the broad prospects through which its rivers wind, the mill above the pool, the bridge across the stream, the ships that come and go in its harbours.

Never has the countryside been more reflected from the Academy's walls, and even the towns are not forgotten. One artist has discovered beauty in a grimy Lancashire town. The painters have looked on silvery mornings at Hampstead and on spring coming to St John's Wood. They have looked on Soho and found its alleys good, and on Chiswick Mall and shown it charming.

#### A Great Picture

But it is through the country that they bid us follow them with most authority, and the journey through the galleries affords us better glimpses than can be got from any window of train or motor-bus.

In the first room we must stop for a moment to see a shaft of sunlight falling through the Norman arches of Romsey Abbey, and then go on past a river pool to stand high above the Nottinghamshire plain and see the Trent winding through its valley. That is a great picture. We thank Mr Arnesby Brown for it.

We cannot stop to thank all the artists by name, as we pass on by Hampshire meads and the Derbyshire Dove and a mill on a tributary stream. Here stands Goodrich Castle and there flows Bulley River.

#### From Summer to Winter

On we pass to Folly Bridge, beside which Oxford learning has flowed for centuries, and then to the spacious prospect of the Severn casting its great curves in the plain below the Forest of Dean. Before we leave this room the scene changes from summer to winter, to a snow-clad pasture, and to Moreton in Essex making light of a freezing day.

In the next room we peer into a dark Dorsetshire quarry before looking up again to a lovely watermill, golden in the sunlight. Here is Canvey Island, on the flat shores of the Thames Estuary, and there, wild and grand, the Rothbury Moors. From inland we go to the sea. We can almost step aboard a wind-jammer with spars carousing in the gale; and we make port in a harbour where the old inn and the red-roofed houses cluster about a tidal river.

So far we have travelled the length and breadth of England in the space of a hundred yards, but space fails us

### B.P. and the Schoolmasters



Lord Baden-Powell is here seen in the midst of a cheerful group of schoolmasters from all parts of the country who are training as Scoutmasters at Wellington College in Berkshire.

to tell all the places yet to be visited. Where is the moorhen's nest? It is here, but where besides, and where the ash stems in April sunlight or the Pack Horse Bridge? Many can answer, for they have seen them, and have been besides to the Old Mill at Ockley, or have skated on the sea-marshes at Winchelsea on a winter afternoon. If they do not know them, then the Rickyard at Peppering in Sussex, or Bath the sublime, or Norwich marketplace, as pictured here, should send them in search of the originals.

We have spent so much time in seeking England at the Academy, and could spend much more, that we had almost forgotten the children there. But the artists have kept them in memory, and just past the very first portal is their Road to School.

Then in the next room is the Toy Windmill, a pretty composition of mother and children; and then there is some time to wait before the artists remember them again. But the Lost

Lamb brings them to mind, and Princess Elizabeth with her dog sets the ball rolling once more. Dame Laura Knight picks it up with children on a seaside holiday or going for a ride. In other pictures they fill the window-seat or go by the firelight to bed.

Their portraits begin to hang on the line, Betty and Toddy and Jim. One of them sits at the piano, more than one takes a bath, some as a duty, others in the open air for pleasure. A group of village children hangs over a bridge to spy a water-rat; a little company of them streams out of school to clatter down a street in Stockport.

They will puzzle over the street musicians, they will like the boy eating an orange on top of a bus. They will envy the other one who is getting well after an illness and has been allowed a very green apple.

They will like the village pond, where the cows come to see them skating.

In short, for children as for grown-ups, the Academy has its hour.

The C.N. for a Lonely Child  
Anywhere for 11s a Year  
*See back page*

### A VALIANT FIGHT AGAINST ODDS

STRUGGLE BEHIND AN  
ACADEMY PICTUREThe Good News Which Reached  
the Artist Just in Time

#### JAMES FRASER SCOTT

Mr James Fraser Scott, a New Zealand artist, has passed on at 53 after a valiant struggle against adversity.

During the last few years he had repeated failures, and it is good to know that unexpected honour came to him on his deathbed. The happy news was brought to him that his picture of a Sculptor's Studio had been accepted by the Royal Academy.

It was almost by accident that the picture was painted. Although Scott had had previous successes at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon he had lately fallen on hard times. One day he was sitting in a Fulham studio despondently talking to his friend Mr J. E. Hyett, the portrait sculptor.

#### Visiting a Studio

With the hope that it might cheer him up his friend suggested he should visit a fellow-artist's studio. Scott went, and it was there that the idea came to him of painting the artist at work. Although he was ill he worked steadily, and when the picture was finished his friends were so delighted with it that they urged him to send it to the Royal Academy.

Then Scott had a serious attack of the illness from which he had been suffering five years, but before leaving for the hospital he asked his friends to send three of his pictures to the Academy.

Day after day Scott waited for a reply, but he heard nothing. All the time some wonderful news was waiting for him in his flat, where it had been mislaid. But at last his friends learned the good tidings of acceptance.

By this time Scott had had a relapse and was as ill as could be. The news was rushed to him and he was overjoyed. It was a wonderful consolation to him.

#### The War and Wembley

During the war Mr Scott was official artist to the Australian Forces. His misfortunes started when he was gassed.

Afterwards he returned to Australia, and when the Wembley Exhibition was held he was sent to London to take charge of the decorations of the Australian pavilion. Four years ago he held a one-man show in London, when he exhibited zoo pictures. The show was a failure because he had chosen a wrong time and everybody was out of town. But in spite of his illness he went on working, and now he is painting no more.

Fame may yet come to his name, for there are many examples of his work in the art galleries of Australia and New Zealand. His picture of the Unknown Warrior's Tomb is already well known.



## SHAKESPEARE'S DAY NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN IN STRATFORD

The Happiness of the People  
in Their New Possession

### A TOWN OF JOY

Merrily rang the bells of Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday morning. From far and near the ringers had come to the very heart of England, eager to take a turn in honouring the memory of our greatest Englishman. The whole town was happy in its new possession of a Shakespeare theatre.

So many little old houses which once saw Shakespeare pass are left in these streets. Their doors and casement windows were hung with paper flowers and leaves, trailing convolvulus, purple and magenta, and orange marigolds.

### Tributes From Afar

Henley Street, in which is Shakespeare's birthplace, had broken magically into blossom, and all along it an avenue had been planted of young trees brought in by farmers from the countryside.

While the long procession of people carrying posies and bunches of spring flowers was forming in the street huge saloon cars were driving up. The doors opened and dignified men, foreign-looking and top-hatted, stepped out, carefully carrying laurel wreaths or other tributes from the people of some far land to place on Shakespeare's grave. Conspicuous among the statesmen, poets, and actors in the procession were the boys of Stratford Grammar School. In the church was soon heap upon heap of daffodils and primroses against the tomb which on this day was the shrine of all the world.

### On Avon Banks

Some people hired boats and rowed down the Avon. The banks were bright with flowers—celandines and primroses and April daisies in the grass. There were clumps of marigold growing by the waterside, descendants, perhaps, of some of the winking marybuds Shakespeare knew. It was a day

*When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight.*

Two tiny aeroplanes suddenly droned overhead. In one was the Prince of Wales. Like a prince in a fairy tale he dropped from the clouds and landed in a meadow a mile away. In a neighbouring farm he changed into more ceremonial dress and drove by road to Stratford.

### Thrilling Moments

How the crowds cheered when he arrived outside the theatre! It was one of the thrilling moments of the day when four trumpeters in gold sounded a fanfare and the Prince walked down from the raised dais, and unfurled the King's flag. As he did so representatives of seventy nations of the world, including the American and French Ambassadors, unfurled the flags of their countries in front of the theatre. Flags of every hue, purple and green and scarlet, suddenly fluttered out from the tall white masts in the public gardens.

At last the cheering subsided, and we heard the speeches which have already been given in the C.N. Those who were in boats or on the bridges, from which there was a splendid view of the ceremony, heard the speeches better than the 10,000 people crowded round the theatre, for the breeze brought every word by megaphone clearly down the water.

At night the theatre was floodlighted and coloured lamps gleamed along the riverside. It was a gala night at the theatre, which is as beautiful inside as anyone could wish; and, needless to say, there was no standing room. The beauty of the scenery, lighting, costumes, and above all of the music, was unforgettable, and the acoustics could

## THREE NIGHTS ON THE ICE

THRILLING ADVENTURE  
OFF NEWFOUNDLAND

How William Johnson Kept the  
Flag Flying

### A MEDAL FROM THE KING

William Johnson, First Master Watch of the Viking, a British sealing steamer of Newfoundland, has been decorated by the King with the Albert Medal for gallantry in saving life at sea.

One night last year the Viking was in the ice, about nine miles out from Horse Islands, when there was a terrific explosion in the magazine. A great piece of the stern was torn away and the ship caught fire.

Fortunately most of the crew of 150 were in the forward part of the steamer, but 27 lost their lives. Those who were not too badly injured managed to climb on to the ice, and went back to the ship and managed to retrieve clothing and food. The majority of them reached Horse Islands, and were rescued.

### Exhausting Work

As two of the men, a mate of the Viking and a passenger, had been badly injured Johnson put them in a flat-bottomed boat and organised a party of 20 men to haul them over the ice.

It was exhausting work, as the ice was wet and mushy and the food had given out. Hour after hour they persevered, until the afternoon of the next day. Then Johnson sent 17 of the men to Horse Islands for help and he and the remainder prepared to spend another night on the ice.

Daylight came and there was not a sign of a vessel. The ice was becoming softer. Would it hold out? At any moment a thaw might come, and they were still miles from land.

Johnson decided not to risk more lives than he could help, so he persuaded the three uninjured men who had stayed behind to make for the islands, but nothing they could do would make him leave the injured men.

Many hours passed. The little party had been nearly two days and nights without food. Then hope came, for seven men arrived, bringing provisions with them. They started to drag the boat toward the land, but to everyone's dismay it had been so badly damaged that it was practically in pieces. They were obliged to give up, and went back to land.

### Cruel Disappointment

This was a cruel disappointment, but Johnson remained at his post. Some hours later he saw a brown cloud on the horizon. It was the smoke of the steamship Boethic, which had come to search for the survivors. Soon Johnson knew that his waving had been seen, for a party of men landed on the ice. He had another disappointment, for darkness came on and the men were unable to proceed, but with daylight the rescue party started once more.

This time they were successful and reached the three men. But, alas! they had not heard about the damaged boat, and as it was impossible to carry the injured men they went back to the ship for another boat. After a few more hours the exhausted men were conveyed safely to the rescue ship. For three nights and two days Johnson had stuck to his post, risking his life.

Continued from the previous column

not have been better. None of the audience will ever forget the surprise of the last scene, the pageantry of scarlet and gold when the Prince of Wales walked through the crowds of medieval London to his coronation.

The moving background was a master stroke of Mr Bridges Adams, and almost all his players gave a performance that would have delighted Shakespeare.

## A HILLTOP FOR THE NATION

Famous Piece of Old  
England

### CADBURY BROTHERS AND THEIR JUBILEE

Frankley Beeches, the famous landmark of the Midlands, from which there is a view of seven counties, is to be an open space for ever.

One morning lately a small company assembled beneath the beeches on the crest of this beautiful hilltop near Birmingham, and Mr Barrow Cadbury made a formal presentation of the property to the National Trust. This splendid gift, including 24 acres of adjoining land, was given by Cadburys to mark the jubilee of the removal of their chocolate industry to Bournville and in memory of Richard and George Cadbury, the founders of the business.

In accepting the title deeds of the property Lord Crawford spoke of his love of the beech tree. It grows nearly all over the world but is one of our true-bred English trees, and in this country it attains almost its greatest stature. The beech is the ideal home of the primrose in the spring; and in the autumn, when the tint of the ground reflects the glories above, Frankley Beeches are at their greatest degree of beauty.

### For Future Generations

Pessimists have been saying that these beeches, which are 80 years old, will probably begin to deteriorate in about 40 years. Lord Crawford reminded his listeners that the magnificent Burnham Beeches have been dying for 250 years and are as fine as ever.

All the same, so that the charms of Frankley Beeches may be preserved for the generations to come, a young plantation of beeches and firs has been laid out to the north of the old trees and protected by a fence.

On a clear day in summer many people climb this hill to see the wonderful view of the Black Country ridge with the Wrekin beyond, the Malverns (which can be seen over the shoulder of Beacon Hill), the Clent Hills, Charnwood Forest, and the Daventry Hills, and to the south and south-east the Bredons and the distant Cotswolds.

## A JOURNALIST'S WORK Manchester and Mr Cuming Walters

We ourselves have not been idle for the last quarter of a century, but we stand amazed at a little sum done by our friend Mr Cuming Walters, the well-known journalist who for 25 years has edited the Manchester City News and has just been presented with an illuminated address at Manchester Town Hall.

Mr Walters has made himself and his paper great powers for good in the city of his adoption, and it is felt that in his withdrawal from the active arena of journalism the northern capital is losing something of a force for righteousness.

Mr Walters, however, is going on working; apparently he cannot stop. He has written 20 books and has a list of 250 lectures, any one of which he could give in the morning. He has written about 20,000 leading articles and 20,000 book reviews, at least 15,000 special articles on every kind of subject, and about 8000 notices of plays.

When we remember that he knows all about King Arthur and Charles Dickens, that he was the first of hundreds of men to publish a solution of the Mystery of Edwin Drood, and that he has built up a Fellowship of about 6000 Manchester people who feel as he does about most things, we have some notion of the work of a journalist in the world. We are delighted to think that the work of Mr Walters is not ended, but will go on, and we wish him more power to his pen.

## LAST CHANCE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE

THE PROPER WAY OUT

How to Solve the Traffic  
Problem and Save Millions

### WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY

The London Society and Lord Mayor have deserved well of all who love London by organising a last-minute meeting to save Waterloo Bridge.

As everybody knows, the threatened doom of Waterloo Bridge has caused much misgiving everywhere; it is nothing but a tragedy that the hideous Charing Cross Bridge should remain while Rennie's beautiful bridge should be pulled down.

The attitude of the County Council in this matter, however, has been for some remarkable reason against the universally recognised interest of London; but it is fortunate that the strength of public opinion has been roused and at the last moment opinion has been greatly impressed by a new idea suggested at the London Society's meeting.

The County Council's estimate for destroying Waterloo Bridge is £1,300,000, but with all the extras involved expert engineers feel that it would be £2,070,000. For that sum Waterloo Bridge would be destroyed and a new bridge built which would pour into the crowded Strand six streams of traffic, thus creating a big new traffic problem at one of the worst points in London.

### An Admirable Proposal

Against this proposal it is suggested that Waterloo Bridge should be widened at a small cost to take four lines of traffic instead of six, and that the Charing Cross problem should be settled at the same time by leaving the railway bridge where it is and building a road bridge beside it. This can be done for a sum of £2,000,000, so that both these traffic problems would be settled, and Waterloo Bridge would be saved, at a cost of about £2,750,000.

This new proposal has the great advantage of solving the traffic problem at both points for little more than the cost of the County Council's scheme for Waterloo Bridge only, and it puts off until a happier day the difficult and costly problem of removing Charing Cross Station.

It is an admirable proposal, and deserves the support of all who love London and wish to see its traffic problem settled without further delay.

### A NEW USE FOR SUGAR

Many new uses are being found for sugar, and the most recent is likely to be a very important one.

A mixture of sugar and water has been found to be a good substitute for lubricating oil for machinery. It has been tried in factories on the Continent with surprising success.

Sugar is one of the things that can be grown in any quantity, whereas natural lubricating oils depend on the mineral supplies of the Earth's crust.

## THINGS SAID

The vast majority of accidents are avoidable. Safety First Association

I am not for cakes and ale at all hours of the day and night.

Lord Brentford

There are 30,000 basement dwellings in London unfit for habitation.

L.C.C. Medical Officer

Butchers wish to work out their own problems instead of crying out for State help.

President of the Meat Traders Federation

Crossing the street is a ticklish job today—our grandfathers could not have done it. Camberwell's Deputy Coroner

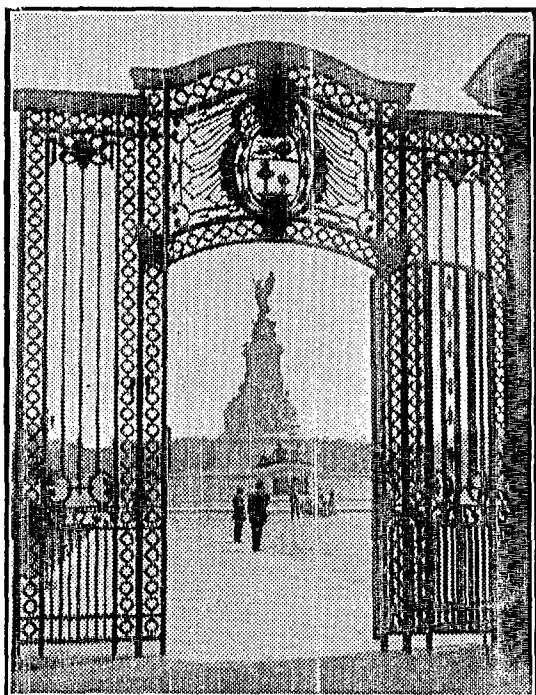


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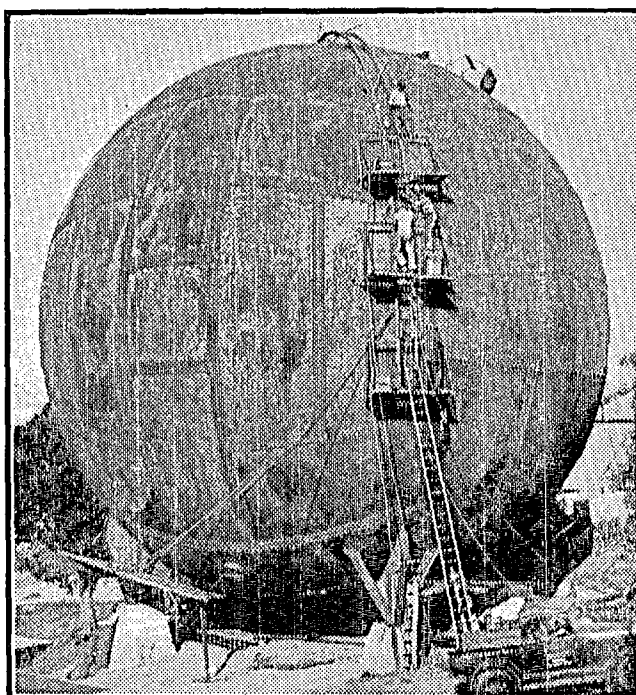
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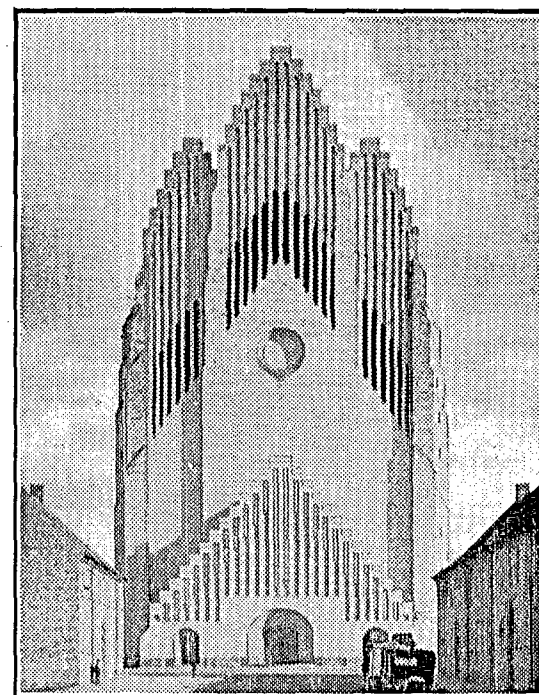
# A CRICKET LESSON · CHURCH LIKE AN ORGAN · HORSES AT THE R.A.



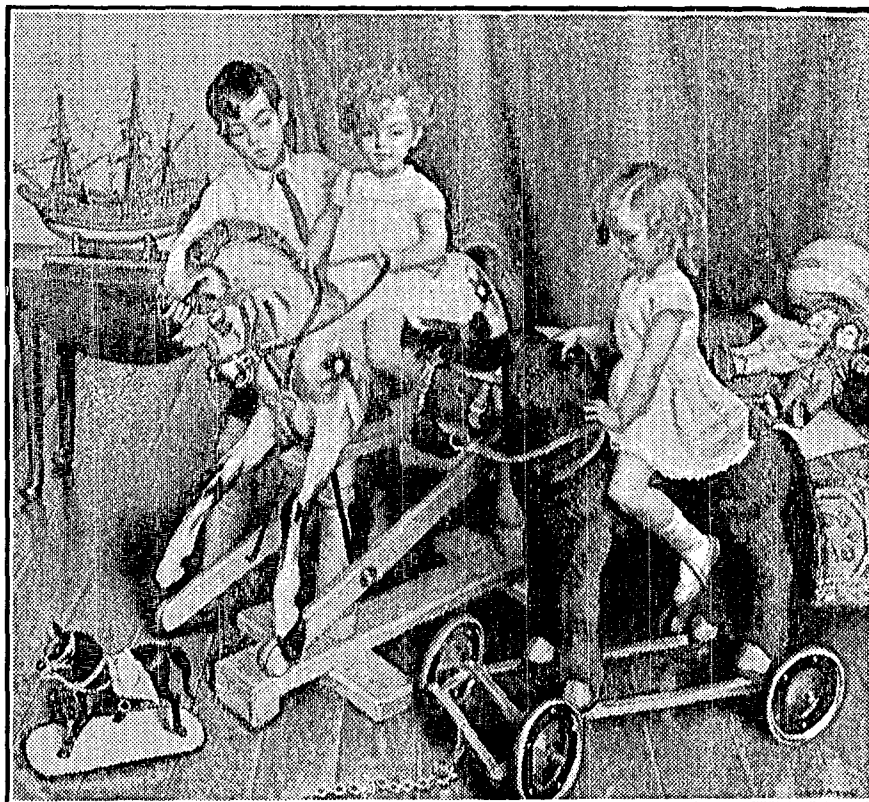
**Gateway as a Frame**—Just 21 years ago the King unveiled the memorial to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace. It was designed by Sir Aston Webb.



**A Ball of Gas**—An unusual gasholder in the form of a giant sphere has been built near Sydney in Australia. It can withstand very high pressure and will serve consumers some distance away.



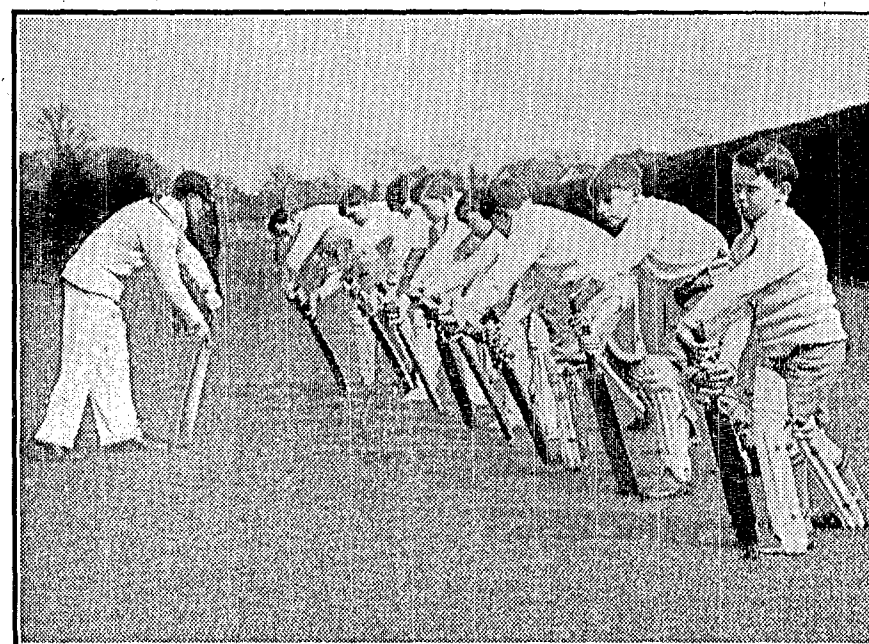
**The Organ Church**—This church has been built at Copenhagen in memory of a famous Danish theologian. The architect based his design on the pipes of an organ.



**Royal Academy Horses**—These two paintings, *A Corporal of Horse* by A. J. Munnings, R.A., and *Going For a Ride* by Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A., are in this year's Royal Academy exhibition. Copyright reserved for the owners by Royal Academy Illustrated



**A Good Climber**—A new type of six-wheeled lorry which can travel almost anywhere has lately been tested in Derbyshire. The picture shows it climbing a steep bank.



**A Great Game**—Cricket lessons for schoolboys have been given at the Roehampton Club by Andy Ducat, the former Surrey player. Here he is seen instructing young batsmen.



# PEACE AND GOODWILL TO EVERY LAND

PEACE DAY once more, though every day is Peace Day in these columns. All over the world the Eighteenth of May is now kept as Goodwill Day by the Children of the Nations, and the C.N. takes the opportunity to wish them all once more a long life in a world that knows no war. This year Goodwill

Day sees the C.L.N. the L.N.P., for our own League Members have joined up into the League of Nations Pioneers, with branches in a thousand schools and members at least a hundred thousand strong. Let us go forward, marching on from doubt to faith, from hope to the fulfilment of our dreams, all our days Goodwill Days.

## NATION UNTO NATION

### CHILDREN'S GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH

#### The Friendly Link of Continent to Continent

#### LAST YEAR'S GOODWILL DAY

It was on Goodwill Day last year that, for the first time in the history of the world, a girdle of speech ran round the Earth, and Continent was linked to Continent by friendly words.

From East to West, from North to South, boys and girls of many nations and many tongues pledged themselves to peace and goodwill, and passed on the message to their neighbour. This is how it happened.

Clare of California called up Kenneth in the neighbouring State of Nevada at exactly ten in the morning. Kenneth then rang up another boy in the State next to his, and so the message of goodwill and friendliness passed on, through all the 48 of the United States, till it reached the President's White House in Washington.

There, waiting for it round a table, sat other boys and girls, and, as they waited, call after call came through from other countries of the Western Hemisphere. Ernesto rang up from Chile and spoke right across the Americas; Rafael's voice came from Mexico and Robert's from Ottawa.

#### At a Table in London

In London the same marvels were happening. In a room at the House of Commons stood the Postmaster-General, Members of Parliament, and other important people, while at a table sat British boys and girls talking across the Earth to Ian in Australia, to Hector in New Zealand, to Anneka in Java, to Brendon O'Brien in Dublin, and McGregor in Aberdeen. Voices also from France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Hungary came through to that room in the heart of London, while messages from the Far East arrived by radio.

Then came the moment when Robert in Washington and John of London collected together their many messages from the two hemispheres, and, passing them on to each other across the wide Atlantic, linked up this friendly circle round the world.

Said John:

"It seems to me as if we in England are a sort of telephone exchange with wires out in all directions. As Nature placed us between the European Continent and America I suppose she meant us to do what we could in the way of mutual introduction. We have been having quite a party here. They are all

## Wales Calls the Children of the World

From the Children of Wales to the Children of the World this message is being carried by wireless on Goodwill Day, Wednesday, May 18. It will be broadcast from the West Regional Station at 5.15.

With all our hearts we, boys and girls of Wales, greet you, the boys and girls of every other country. The world is like a big village now that we have been brought within hearing distance of each other.

Today, Goodwill Day, we think of the pioneers of various nations who wrought so great a miracle, of those who first made it possible to send messages across plains, over mountains, and beneath the seas, and of those who gave words wings

to fly from continent to continent. These were the heroes of faith and vision who helped to make our world a neighbourhood.

Now the air carries music from many lands and voices in every language, and through our radio services nations may be closer friends.

Let us then, boys and girls, in thought, word, and deed strive with all our might that the messages sent from our own countries shall always be messages of friendliness and of goodwill.

## THE FRIENDLY ANSWER BACK TO WALES

Ten years have passed since the first Goodwill Message of the Welsh children flew through the ether one morning before dawn, and each year it has reached the ears of more and more children in all parts of the world.

At first their message was received in silence. In 1923 there was again no answering message. In 1924 thanks and good wishes came from Poland and a few replies from other places. In 1925, among the growing number of replies was one from the Secretary-General of the League of Nations congratulating the Welsh children on their happy idea.

Since then the answers have increased till last year they could be counted in hundreds and from over fifty countries, including for the first time Albania, Dutch East Indies, Hawaii, Paraguay, and Persia.

Persia's letter said, in the delightful flowery language of the East:

*The young hearts of the boys and girls of the land of peace-loving poets and philosophers echo with joy the angelic cry of peace and brotherhood that comes from the noble children of Wales.*

Continued from the previous column

very friendly, and though no two had the same way of expressing their feelings of goodwill one thing was agreed by all. *There must not be another war; we of the younger generation must stand shoulder to shoulder to prevent it.*

Said Robert, from Washington:

"We believe one of the most important things for us today is to get a new picture of the world into our minds, to see it as small and as closely united as it is, and this telephone conversation ought to help us to do that. Many of us here feel that our generation is going to have to find new ways to live in this new world. War is out of date, and there are many things that

can be done for the good of all of us if we can all work together to do them. We want you to know that we are ready and eager to know the boys and girls of the rest of the world and to work with them. The air all round the Earth today is full of goodwill greetings from the boys and girls of all countries to each other."

That is how nation spoke peace unto nation in 1931 through the mouths of the boys and girls. We know, too, that if they will only stand shoulder to shoulder the world over these boys and girls can build a future where man is at peace with his neighbour, a future whose firm foundations of friendliness cannot be shaken by war.

## A LEAGUE OF MEN

### PIONEERS OF THE GREAT AGE OF PEACE

#### All Nations Are the Benefactors of Mankind

#### CHAIN OF WIRELESS BUILDERS

Still we wait the day when each man shall love his neighbour as himself; but, all unknowing, the world has taken the first step toward this Christian ideal.

The step was taken when men of wisdom and understanding laid the foundations of that wireless miracle which brings all people of the world within hearing of one another.

When men gather round a table to talk with one another their differences grow smaller, and their grievances begin to hide their heads. Wireless is the Round Table of the World. To know all is to forgive all, says the French proverb. To know your enemy is one way of making him a friend.

It is strange, in looking back on the names of the men whose efforts joined together like links in a chain to bind the world, to see how each of them laboured at his peaceful task quite unconcerned with any strife of peoples.

#### A Common Bond

There was good Edouard Branly, the French professor who found that when an electric charge passed through powders the particles cohered, and thus invented the first coherer.

He was followed on the experimental side by our own David Edward Hughes, who was a professor of music and who found that an electric wave could be transmitted and caught up by a suitable receiver. This was so astonishing that eminent scientists could not believe it.

There were the two great German theorists, von Helmholtz and Hertz, the second of whom was confident that wireless waves could be sent and received, and who gave his name to them. There was Clerk-Maxwell, the Cambridge mathematician, who demonstrated their existence before they were known.

Lord Kelvin, the Scotsman, by his insight and the refinements of his receiving instruments, made cable telegraphy practicable. Dr Graham Bell, the Scotsman, was the first to achieve the wonder of the telephone, and heard the first sounds through it. Senatore Marconi, when Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Preece had nearly succeeded, was first to make the electric waves of Hertz travel across the Channel and record themselves.

Was ever a nobler League of Men bound by a common bond of service to mankind?

## HOW GOODWILL DAY IS CELEBRATED IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD

THE Eighteenth of May is Goodwill Day because on that day in 1899 the first great Peace Conference was held at The Hague by statesmen of many countries. As Goodwill Day it will be celebrated till every day is a day of Goodwill in a world at peace.

The idea of this World Peace Day was started by a German lady. Wales took it up with its broadcast message of friendliness, and gradually its observance has spread through the world. In thousands of schools the day is celebrated by pageants and songs and meetings, with special talks devoted to the subject of the League of Nations.

Three years ago, had there been a prize for the city which best celebrated Goodwill Day, the prize would have gone to Geneva. Two years ago it was the children of Vienna who thought of the best way of keeping the day. Last year it was far-off Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. They had a fine programme of songs of different countries, recitations in Esperanto, cinema pictures of children of various lands, and a tableau showing benefactors of humanity taken from 16 nationalities.

That was a fine way of keeping Goodwill Day. There will be many such celebrations all over the world this year,

and everywhere children will be thinking of peace. We hope every reader of the C.N. will speak one word for peace on Wednesday, and that every League of Nations Pioneer will keep the day by bringing in one member more.

*The cause of Peace is the greatest cause in the world.*

The headquarters of Peace are at Geneva; her ministry is the League of Nations; her loyal servants are scattered over the world; this is her day: Goodwill Day.

The Children's League of Nations, which has grown to over 30,000 strong among C.N. readers, is now joined-up

with the school branches of the Junior League of Nations Union and has become the L.N.P.—League of Nations Pioneers. Who will join today?

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P.,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The L.N.P. Badge

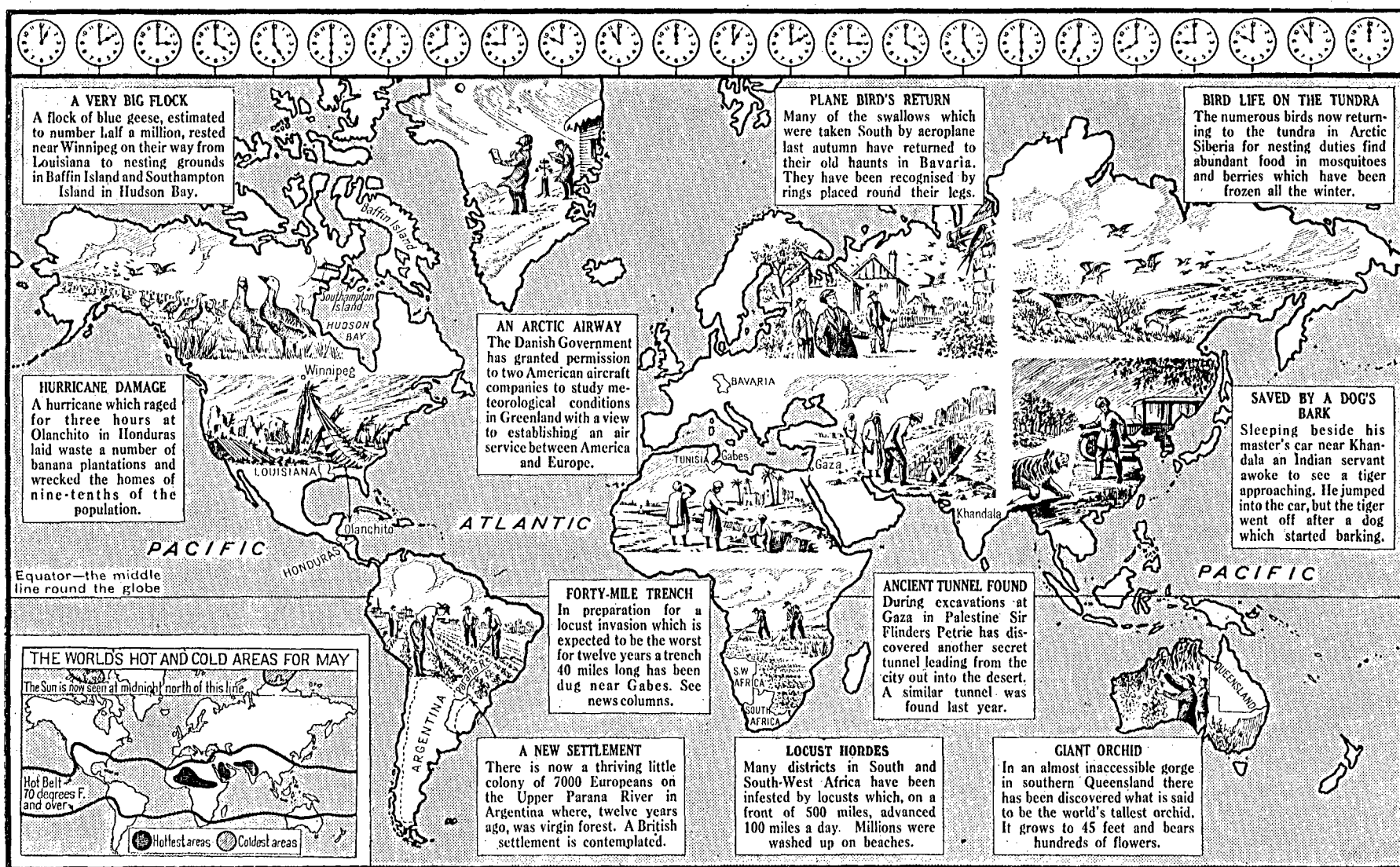


May 14, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A TREASURE LOST Fate of a Chantry Monument DOOM OF A VILLAGE CHURCH

The world has lost one of its treasures, a famous group sculptured by Chantrey. People from many lands used to journey to Hafod Church in Wales to see it. But the other morning fire broke out in the woodwork of the roof, and before a fire brigade could be fetched from Aberystwyth, 15 miles away, the roof had fallen, and only the tower was saved.

This marble group appears to have greatly helped to establish Chantrey's reputation, for it was after its exhibition that the City of London Corporation asked him to make a statue of George the Third for Guildhall. George Borrow says of the group that had Chantrey executed nothing else it might well have entitled him to be considered the Prince of Sculptors. In his *Wild Wales* Borrow says:

"This monument, which is of the purest marble, is placed on the eastern side of the church below a window of stained glass and represents a truly affecting scene: a lady and gentleman are standing over a dying girl of angelic beauty who is extended on a couch, and from whose hand a volume, the *Book of Life*, is falling. The lady is weeping."

The dying girl was an only child, Mary Jones, who was suddenly taken ill and died after a few days sickness in 1811.

Her father owned the Hafod estate, and changed it from a bald, treeless place into one of the beauty spots of Wales. To his great grief his daughter did not live to inherit this loveliness, and he asked the greatest sculptor of the day to commemorate her own beauty in the village church.

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Grace Darling's cousin, Mr James Anderson, a churchwarden at Earsdon Parish Church, has just kept his 99th birthday. He still lives a useful and active life.

## THE BIRD AND MAN RACE Man Wins by 15 Minutes

The other day a closed car carried an airman and some pigeons 70 miles out of Norwich.

Neither birds nor man knew in which direction they were being driven.

When released they were none of them provided with maps or compasses. "Now," said the organisers of the contest, "see who can find his way back to Norwich first."

The airman's machine was waiting for him, without a compass, and up into the air went birds and man.

The man had studied a map well before he started, and after flying east for a short time saw a landmark easy to identify. As soon as he knew where he was he wheeled and set off for Norwich. The clock and the Sun between them provided the information that a compass should have given, and he wasted no time.

The airman beat the first pigeon home by 15 minutes. He is Squadron-Leader C. A. Rea.

## REPRIEVE OF A BARN

It is pleasant to hear of another old barn which is entering on a fresh lease of useful life and service in Mother England.

When Shakespeare was living a prosperous husbandman built a barn at Waites Farm, Fairlight, near Hastings. It is no longer needed as a granary, and builders would like to pull it down for the sake of the old timber; but a few days ago it started on a fresh career as a theatre for amateur plays.

These stately old barns make good village halls, theatres, and studios, and it is a crime to pull down a beautiful building in a world where beautiful buildings are none too common.

In seven years the number of apples sent out from New Zealand has gone up from 200,000 to a million and a half.

## FRIENDS IN 14 LANDS Record For a Little French School

Living in a little far-off place is no reason for being cut off from the world in these days, as the pupils of the École de France in the village of Landrevazec in Brittany have proved.

There are nineteen children in this school, but they hold the record for France for the number of countries with which they correspond. Through the French Junior Red Cross they have been put in touch with schools in 14 lands.

Each group writes in its own language, and illustrates its letters by means of snapshots, drawings, postcards, or small samples of work, according to the subject that is being written about; and the central offices of the Red Cross see to their being translated.

The Red Cross does this in the hope of diminishing its sadder work in the future. If all the children of the world today could understand and like each other the probabilities are that there would be no need for Red Cross ambulances on battlefields twenty years hence.

Picture on page 9

## A STORY ABOUT TEA

We heartily congratulate the Government upon discovering a method of dealing with tax forestallers.

Before the Budget it became evident that tea would be again taxed: the secret was an open one. Consequently large amounts of tea were rushed into port by gentlemen who thought thus to evade the coming tea duty. The Treasury has neatly met this by enacting a tax on all the stocks of tea exceeding 1000 tons. The forestallers are thus defeated, and the public will rejoice.

All these forestallers expected that by getting in large amounts of tea and escaping duties they would make a big extra profit out of the public. This has been done again and again in the past, and we thank the Government for protecting the public interest in the matter.

## THE CHILDREN'S EXPRESS A Present For Whit Monday SURPRISE ON A RIDE TO THE SEA

Soon we shall begin to think of the directors of the Great Western Railway as a group of friendly Father Christmases putting together their jolly grey heads to think out some fresh surprise.

They have already given us the Mystery Train, with its crowd of walkers being taken out of London to—Who-Knows-Where; and now these genial railwaymen announce a Children's Express (the Kiddies Express they call it), to be drawn by one of the powerful King engines, enough attraction in itself to collect a crowd of young would-be engine-drivers.

Leaving Paddington at 9.55 on Whit Monday morning the Children's Train will rush across England to the sea at Weston-super-Mare.

There will be plenty of time to bathe and paddle and build a whole sand village on the shore, and then there will be another quick journey home in the evening at 6.50, with the added pleasure for the children of knowing that they cannot possibly be sent to bed at the usual time, unless some grown-up tucks them up on the rack.

For there will be some grown-ups there; all mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, and fairy godmothers are invited to join in the trip. They will have to pay 7s 6d each, but children under 14 will pay only 3s 9d.

Every passenger, except those who prefer arms and a lap, will be guaranteed a seat, and, what is more, a big and pleasant surprise has been promised for the journey out.

What will these up-to-date Father Christmases think of next?

## CATCHING THE POST

A contract for a Venezuela oil-pipe line having missed the mail, it was taken by an airman and dropped on board the outgoing ship *Reliance*.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 14

1932

## The Juggernaut Men

LORD BUCKMASTER has done a splendid thing. He has introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for heavier penalties on reckless motorists, the enemies of our people everywhere.

We saw one the other day who left his car in the middle of a street by Victoria, with the door wide open, while he spent three minutes at a garage, and then drove on as if he were a gentleman. It is more than time that such enemies of the commonweal were treated as the criminals they are, and the world made safe for all of us.

The number of lives sacrificed is appalling. It is one of the unabashed cruelties of our time.

Of what avail is the protest against the cruelties of sport when human beings are killed as frequently as foxes? The butcher's bill of killed and maimed every year should bring horrified protests from any humanitarian.

Lord Buckmaster has insisted that the remedy is to enforce severer penalties on those who cause accidents, and so to frame the law as to convert accidents caused by wilful negligence or recklessness into criminal offences. This may or may not be the best way of preventing accidents; we do not know; but it is clear that something must be done to protect the lives and limbs of all who may get into the way of motor-cars, whether by their own carelessness or, as very often happens, because they cannot help it. Especially is this true for children.

It may be that the toll of lives is an inevitable sacrifice to the machine and its speed. Certainly there was no such toll when horses were the only motive force on the turnpike; and it is one of the ironies of a civilisation which has progressed beyond the turnpike that it levies a tax of human lives for its progress.

The only alternative to the proposals of Lord Buckmaster and those who agree with him is to enforce the law as it stands with greater firmness. A motorist convicted of negligence should not be allowed to drive again.

Negligence or recklessness which results in injury should not be let off with a fine. It should be punished by imprisonment. The law becomes ridiculous when, as happened the other day, a party of motorists who were on the spree, and had rooted up trees in their merriment, were merely mulcted of a few shillings for their offence.

One thing Lord Buckmaster said will find agreement in all people with a sense of humanity and justice. It is that no punishment can be too severe for the brute who runs down a human being and drives on.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Stupidity About Venus

IT is surely unfortunate that the public should be assured that through the agency of wireless they have been enabled to hear "the music of the spheres."

What was actually done was to let the light of Venus shine through a telescope on a photo-electric cell and so set up a sound. The sound so produced had, of course, nothing whatever to do with Venus, and it is ridiculous that the public should be led to believe that they have in any way heard the planet or the voice of the planet.

In precisely the same way a boy could flash an electric torch and by the agency of a photo-electric cell set up sound, but the sound would not be the voice of the torch.

## What Not To Do With Our Boys

A NOTTINGHAM boy of 15 who has been sent to a reformatory school had organised a gang of boys, some of them older than himself, known as the Phantom Gang.

We wonder whether those who are responsible for the control of our public amusements are really ignorant of the origin of such misdemeanours? Can they really be unaware that boys are encouraged in such conduct in a thousand places?

It seems to us both cruel and stupid to manufacture criminals and then to complain of their existence. Who can doubt that this Nottingham boy, given a proper chance, would have been living a very different life?

## A Conversation

THE thought of universal peace sounds to me much too good to be true," said the hostess.

"It sounds to me," the philosopher said, "much too good not to be true."

## The Mad World and the Small Church

IN a far-away corner of Somerset is the little church of Stockland-Bristol; within its walls a peace memorial and a war memorial stand side by side.

One is the old chancel screen, beautifully restored in memory of three men who did not live to see the Peace; the other is a hideous relic of the war that killed them.

The village may well be proud of the record which won for it this recognition, but we hope the day will come when the villagers will heave the shell over into the Stert Flats, to be covered for ever by the sea. Or perhaps it could be melted down for some better purpose.

At any rate, until they have decided what to do with it, could not this terrible symbol of a mad world be taken out of the little church?

## All the Difference

I HAVE got to say something about so and so," said the young would-be politician, in thinking over his speech, to the philosopher.

"Easy enough if you have got something to say about so and so," answered the philosopher.

## Bubbles of Song

From the depths of the heart comes a bubble of song,  
Light, so light;  
On the river of thought it dances along,  
Crystal bright.

Deep in the heart lies a whispering pain,  
Still and strong,  
That bursts from the hidden depths again,  
A bubble of song.

Violet Mason

## Tip-Cat

A PROFESSIONAL rat-catcher drives his own car. Surely he should have a trap.

IN the old days a man tried to live within his income. Now he prefers a house.

SOME people have too much money, we are told. But they are always other people.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we put a horse on his mettle by shoeing it

WOODEN money may come into use. Then we can cut down the cost of living.

THERE is a lot of deception in making talkies. Yet the idea is sound.

CADDIES walk twenty miles a day. As a matter of course.

IT is foolish to keep any large sum of money about the house,

says a banker. We wish we could be foolish.

ENGLISHMEN keep things to themselves, we are told. But they often divide their attention.

SOMEONE complains of a father who is always singing his son's praises. Thinks that will save the son giving himself airs.

GARDENERS say the perfect velvet lawns of England have had their day. They must be cut up.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE British lifeboats saved 271 lives last year.

THE L.C.C. is issuing sixpenny tram tickets anywhere in the evening.

## JUST AN IDEA

We must not live like Little Englanders, round a parish pump: we must be universal and think universally.

## Who Thought Of It?

By Our Town Girl

Robin Redbreast in a cage  
Sets all heaven in a rage.

A TALL wild tree is out in the street  
With beckoning arms outspread,  
And strange, sad longings have come to my heart,  
For Spring is awake, it said.

BUT only a part of its fledgling buds,  
Only a part can I see;  
The roof of my cage has hidden the whole,  
As it severs the sky from me.

I KNOW that the cuckoo has come again;  
I know that on Earth's green floor  
The robins are nesting, the thrushes feed,  
And the plovers cry over the moor.

AN! The fields of heaven are blue—how blue!  
Away and beyond my bars.  
Once I travelled their paths at dawn;  
I have seen them alight with stars.

ON beauty that furrows the dappled clouds  
For the flight of a wild bird's wing,  
Who was it thought of this tangled cage  
To capture a feathered thing?

## After Sixty Years

One of our poet friends has been pensioned after 60 years of hard-working life, and he sends us this about it.

I'M pensioned—well,  
I must not mind:  
The best is not  
Always behind.

MAYBE that my  
Remaining years  
Will bring new songs,  
New sighs, new tears.

BUT if God wills,  
And I will too,  
Much yet remains  
For me to do.

AND bird and beast  
And flower and star  
As ever my  
Companions are.

I'M pensioned—well,  
I must not mind:  
The best is not  
Always behind. Egbert Sandford

## A Girl Guide Prayer

Grant, O Lord, we pray Thee, that Thy special blessing may rest upon us, and all other Guides. Help us with Thy grace to serve our country and keep our Guide Law and Promise.

Make us humble and friendly, eager for adventure, alert and prepared for service.

Give us courage to dare to do right, make us both strong to fight and steadfast to endure, and may our lives be filled with the joy that spreads happiness everywhere.

Girl Guide Prayer for their 21st year

Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God!

Jesus



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## THE TARIFF WALLS

### HIGHER AND HIGHER

#### Complex Changes Taking Place at the Ports

#### HOW OUR DUTIES STAND

The ten per cent duties levied under the Import Duties Act have been raised as from April 26 on the advice of the Advisory Committee set up by the Act.

Briefly, the duty first imposed was ten per cent on all imports, save some specially named or already taxed, and applied to foreign goods only. This preference for Empire goods is to continue until November 15, by which time the Ottawa Conference will, it is hoped, have made special trading arrangements between the Mother Country and the Dominions. A number of articles, including wheat, meat, tea, cotton, wool, hides, newsprint, iron ore, and iron and steel, were specially exempt from this taxation.

#### One-Sided Imperial Preference

The Government has now raised the ten per cent duty and made some alterations in the free list. In each case free entry remains for Empire goods, though the Empire has yet to begin to admit Home goods free, as it is hoped they will agree to do at Ottawa. The new duties are not to be decreased (although they may be increased) for a year, save in the case of steel, where they are to stand for three months. Generally, the additional duties imposed raise the total duties from 15 up to 33 per cent.

In most cases the *additional* duty is ten per cent, making the *total* duty 20 per cent on value. This 20 per cent is applied to all sorts of manufactures, including furniture, iron and steel finished products, cutlery, hardware, electrical goods, cottons, woollens, and paper except newsprint. In a few cases the duty is raised to only 15 per cent. In a few other cases the total duty is 25 per cent.

#### The Duties Now in Force

On semi-finished iron and steel, that is upon steel ingots, billets, sheets, bars, castings, girders, and so on, the duty is raised to a third of the value. Pig iron is not to be taxed yet, but all these iron and steel duties are to be revised within three months.

Our Customs Duties have now become very complicated, and few people will be able to understand them as a whole. The matter is of such great importance that we briefly describe below the duties now in force.

**1. The Free Trade Duties.** These are the well-known import duties on such things as tea, coffee, cocoa, alcohol, tobacco, and so on. These are not protective, because either levied upon articles Britain does not produce or counter-vailed by a corresponding duty (excise duty) on the home production.

**2. The McKenna War Duties.** These duties were first levied by Mr McKenna in the war, and are charged at a third of the value on imports of motor vehicles, musical instruments, clocks, and watches. There is also a special duty on cinematograph films. These were levied in the war as luxury taxes and have a protective effect.

**3. The Silk Duties.** These were started by Mr Churchill and levied on both imports and home production.

**4. Petrol Duty.** This is levied to bring in revenue and as a luxury tax.

**5. Key Industry Duties.** These were levied as protective duties to safeguard the key industries, such as scientific instruments, certain chemicals, laboratory glass, and so on.

**6. Safeguarding Duties.** These were levied to help special industries and only a few remain, which will soon expire.

**7. Abnormal Importation Duties.** These are the special duties enacted last year to reduce the imports of certain

## ONLY A RICKSHAW COOLIE

He was only a rickshaw coolie of Shanghai, who ran between 'the shafts of a kind of small gig.

The rickshaw is the cab or taxi of the Far East. The men are athletic, but they rarely reach a good age.

A Frenchman in a rickshaw drawn by a strong young man overtook another in which was a charming young lady of his acquaintance, but the man pulling her rickshaw was older, and plainly out of breath.

"What a glorious day," said the lady; "I am sorry I cannot keep up with you, but my man is lazy."

The man's face was drawn and his chest was heaving with the efforts he had made, far beyond his strength. The Frenchman offered to change

rickshaws, but the lady maintained that there was no need; her man was simply too idle for words.

So they went on together, the younger coolie quite unintentionally outpacing the other, who made desperate efforts to keep up. Suddenly the lady cried out; her coolie had fallen; the shafts were slipping out of his hands; the rickshaw was falling backward under the weight of the lady and she was in danger of going over the edge of the embankment. The Frenchman tried to spring out of his own rickshaw in time to go to the rescue, but he would have been too late, and what happened was this: *The old runner let go of the shafts and threw himself under the wheels of the falling rickshaw.*

## AN ALL-THE-YEAR CAMP FOR SCOUTS



Setting up the gateway of the camp



Building a bridge over the stream

These pictures were taken at the permanent camp for Scouts which the Chief Scout opened recently at Gosforth Park near Newcastle. Mr George Carter, Assistant Commissioner for Newcastle Rovers, is in charge of the camp, which has an area of 43 acres.

Continued from the previous column

articles. They are now cancelled by the new duties.

**8. Horticultural Products Duties.** These are levied on certain fruits, vegetables, and plants under the Act of 1931 and remain in force until nearly the end of this year.

**9. Finally,** we get the import duties levied under the Import Duties Act of this year, which first levied ten per cent and then the additional duties now described.

Perhaps when the Advisory Committee has thoroughly considered the whole of our imports it will find itself compelled to introduce a large number of complications. It is only too probable that a book will be required to hold the details and experts will be required to interpret them. This has been the experience of all foreign countries.

There should, however, be a General Act passed embodying the whole of the various Acts, so that we should have no need to turn to a number of statutes to understand what has been done.

## MICE BY THE MILLION

### INDESCRIBABLE SIGHT

#### Rats Take the Opportunity of a Small Revenge

#### QUEER NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

*Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,  
Followed the Piper for their lives.*

At last the rats have had their revenge.

We all know how once they ruled supreme in Hamelin city, and how music was their downfall. Enchanted by a delightful tune they followed the Pied Piper, who treacherously lured them on to the river where they were drowned.

Music was the cause of the greatest disaster in rat history. For centuries the rats have waited for their revenge on musicians. At last they have had it.

#### A New Development

A performance of Carmen was advertised at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney. Every arrangement was made, and enormous inconvenience was caused all round when suddenly it was announced that the performance would be postponed for a week. There was nothing else to be done, however, because rats had mutilated nearly all the copies of the score.

Last week the writer pleaded for a Pied Piper of Hamelin to come to the Mallee district of Victoria, which is in the throes of an almost unprecedented plague of mice.

Since then a new development has arisen. The trucks of wheat that have been hurriedly sent from the country to the docks have brought with them a horde of the mice that have been carrying destruction throughout the Mallee.

#### Brushed Off Like Flies

It is estimated that in five days more than a million mice have swarmed from the railway trucks at Nelson pier, Williamstown. Many of them rushed straight into the sea and were drowned, but it is said that every truckload brings an increasing number.

The sight is indescribable. The stevedores have become so used to them that they brush the mice off like flies, and the stray dogs, which have been having the time of their lives, have given up all hope of coping with the numbers and have grown so blasé that they let the mice swarm over them in their mad rush to get away—generally to end in the sea.

When the last bags were being taken out of some of the trucks the mice were actually ankle deep, and the stevedores grabbed armfuls of them and flung them into the sea. It was impossible to walk along the pier while the trucks were being unloaded without either treading on the mice or having them swarm over one's shoes.

#### A Photographer's Sad Plight

When a newspaper photographer went down to the pier to take pictures the mice swarmed over his feet and even invaded his camera. The stevedores frequently have to strip off most of their clothes to extricate mice that have lodged in their clothing.

Luckily there is little likelihood that the plague will spread here. The only place for the mice to run, once they have left the trucks, is over the sides of the pier. Hordes of them have rushed to a watery grave.

In the country the position is still bad. In many places, although the farmers are busily preparing the ground for sowing, they dare not sow extensively for the mice follow the drill and eat the seed as quickly as it is placed in the ground.



## WORK AND DOLE

### An Isle of Wight Idea WORK SCHEME VETOED BY MINISTRY OF HEALTH

We have been interested to see an experiment on the lines of the C.N. idea of enabling men to work out the equivalent of their unemployment pay.

The Public Assistance Committee (the Committee which has taken the place of the old Poor Law Guardians) of the Isle of Wight County Council made a scheme to contribute half the wages of men employed by local district councils to unemployment relief work, in order to keep men from becoming dependent on poor relief.

The Ministry of Health, however, has disallowed the scheme on the ground that it might encourage the belief that application to the Public Assistance Committee was an adequate substitute for independent efforts to obtain work. The Ministry also expresses the opinion that it is necessary to make a clear distinction between work for wages in the strict sense and work performed as a condition of the grant of relief.

The matter may be one for discussion, but in the circumstances of our time we are not at all sure that the Isle of Wight scheme was not a good one; its abandonment must mean that men who might have been usefully employed will have to fall back upon poor relief and do no work at all.

### A SPRAT TO CATCH A MACKEREL

When a baby is born in England the parents receive a little notice to say that they can get free advice at the Welfare clinic held in their district at a certain place and time.

In future when a baby is born in Metz the parents will receive a bank-book. It will be made out in the baby's name, and show a credit of 20 francs. No one can touch the 20 francs except the baby, when he comes of age.

The savings bank which makes these gifts believes that parents will want to add to the nest-egg. "After all," Mother will say, "twenty francs is a start. We will try to add a few francs each week."

The bank's business will be increased so much that the 20 francs will cost nothing. The new scheme is a sprat to catch a mackerel.

### THE STARLING IN SEARCH OF HOME

A story about the eagerness of some starlings to make a nesting-place comes to us from New Zealand.

A farmer near Auckland had in a shed a big box of staples used in building wire fences. One day not long ago he was surprised to find many staples strewn in the field near the shed. Then he found out the reason. The starlings had carried the staples out through a small hole in the wall and dropped them on the grass, so that a nest could be built in the box.

The farmer picked up enough staples to fill an eight-pound tea tin, which shows how busy those starlings had been in emptying the farmer's staple box.

### THE LONG, LONG TRAIL OF THE WAR

There is great sorrow in Kendal, that "striding-off town" in Westmorland beloved of all travellers in the North.

Stramongate School must close at the end of next term for financial reasons. It is one more of the long, long trail of curses from the war.

The school has a great reputation, and its scholars carry its traditions far and wide. Among them are some famous names: John Dalton, discoverer of the atomic theory, is one, and Sir Arthur Eddington, our great physicist and astronomer, is another.

## BACK TO BARTER

### Result of the Tariff Walls

From time to time we have given particulars in the C.N. of actual bartering operations carried on by various Governments.

Barter, as we know, is the direct exchange of goods for goods without the passing of money, as when a boy changes a penknife for a stamp.

Now at Bremen, the important German port, a company has been formed called the International Goods-Clearing Company, to help to organise barter. This concern is to do everything possible to exchange German goods directly for foreign goods.

There is no doubt whatever that at the present time every country in the world is able to export valuable articles which other countries would like to have but cannot buy. Thus we require timber and Russia requires coal; why should we not exchange these things?

But that barter should even be discussed is a severe criticism of the idiotic trade policies which are erecting impassable barriers in every land.

### NO FORTUNE IN HERRINGS

Those who fish for the humble herring do not seem to be in the way of making fortunes.

An official account of what is earned by the crew of a herring-fishing vessel shows that the average earnings in three years, during the six-months fishing season, of each member of the crew in the boats owned by a certain company, were as follow:

	£	s	d
The skipper .. .. .	123	3	0
The mate .. .. .	87	19	0
The engineer .. .. .	87	19	0
The fireman .. .. .	61	11	0
Lowest deckhands .. .. .	52	16	0
Highest deckhands .. .. .	70	7	0
The cook .. .. .	43	19	0

It should be remembered that this relates to six-months work only, but it is probably the chief earnings of the men in the year. Again we realise how small is the share of wealth taken by those who do the hard work of the world.

### ONE IN TWELVE OF THE WORLD'S PEOPLE

It is surprising to observe that the whole of the exports from Britain to Russia last year amounted in value to £9,400,000.

When we reflect that the population of Russia now amounts to 166 millions we may well ask why our sales are not greater. Other nations are doing more trade with Russia, and it seems high time that we cultivated so important a market.

Is it prejudice that stands in the way? If so, what end can be served by an endeavour to perpetuate prejudice against a community of 166 million people whose hopes and fears are the same as ours, and who form one in twelve of the entire population of the world?

### AN ABERDEEN NOTE

Sometimes Scottish folk are the most generous people in the world, and many an unheard-of sacrifice has been made by someone living in Aberdeen.

The old joke about Aberdeen people is no more true than the jokes about Wigan. They are merely silly jokes.

The director of the N.S.P.C.C. has lately found, on going through his post, an anonymous gift of twenty £5 notes for the society. The postmark was Aberdeen.

### SAVING 6466 MINUTES

The Great Western Railway, like the two railways which run to the North, is to speed up its services.

On and after July 18 time reductions will be made representing 6466 minutes daily on main and branch-line services in the area enclosed by the Paddington-Birkenhead-Penzance triangle. On some journeys 50 minutes will be saved.

## CONQUEROR SIGNS

### HERE Norman William Makes His Mark

The other day it was announced as a matter of great interest that a certain firm of booksellers had got possession of a document of William the Conqueror.

It had been for centuries in the hands of the Beaumont family, who are descended from one of the men who signed it. The document grants the church of St Mary at Bury St Edmunds to St Stephen's Church at Caen in Normandy. It was written between 1067 and 1075 on vellum.

But let it not be thought that it bears the signature of William the Conqueror. That great man could subdue a nation, but he could not do something every schoolboy can do: he could not write his name.

William, Matilda his queen, Archbishop Lanfranc, and Roger and Robert de Beaumont made crosses on the document! A clerk wrote their names underneath. In those days a king would no more have dreamed of writing his own letters than a queen would have washed her own clothes.

### THE FUNNIEST RAILWAY IN EUROPE

Steel ropes suspended high up above the water, between steel towers three-quarters of a mile apart, with little twelve-sided steel carriages running along in mid-air—such is the funny aerial railway connecting San Sebastian with Mount Montjuich.

This strange but most successful engineering feat was begun in 1930 and has now been finished. It bridges a wide stretch of water through which the biggest ships pass, and at no part of the wire railroad is it less than 200 feet above sea-level.

There are only four cars, each one attached to the endless steel wire that runs back and forth between the two end towers. Each little car takes twenty passengers and travels at eight miles an hour, and each car is connected by telephone, not only with the other cars but with the three stations at the top of the towers.

### THE SEARCHLIGHT SIGNAL

A new type of railway signal is being tried which may make the use of fogmen no longer necessary.

A powerful lamp throwing a beam of as much as 50,000 candle-power is housed in a lantern, in front of which a red, green, or yellow "spectacle" can be placed by an electric device worked from the signal-box. The signal light can be seen for such a distance that it may suffice in foggy weather without the detonators of the fogmen.

Many other new signalling devices are being tried with a view to further safety on our railways.

### NATIONS UNABLE TO PAY

Last year proved a bad one for British investors holding foreign stocks, for a number of countries were unable to meet the payments due by them on money that had been borrowed.

Among defaulting countries were Ecuador, Mexico, a province of Argentina, and several provinces of Brazil.

In this connection we may point out that some of the Southern States of the United States still owe big sums to British investors. The principal owing to British lenders is nearly £15,000,000, and the interest in arrears is now estimated to amount to over £50,000,000.

### HALF OF ONE PER CENT

No great public service like that of electrical supply can consider its work very far advanced when, out of a total domestic national budget, only one-half of 1 per cent goes to pay for electricity. Mr Pybus, Minister of Transport

## HIGHEST TOWER YET

### Power From the Skies 1200 FEET ABOVE BERLIN

A Berlin engineer proposes to produce electricity with the aid of winds which blow 1200 feet above the city.

His idea is to build a huge steel tower, at the top of which will be mounted five great wind-wheels each 240 feet in diameter. These wheels, mounted horizontally on an enormous steel frame, will operate generators below which will produce a large supply of electricity at a very cheap rate. Herr Hermann Honnef, the engineer who is to construct this new power station, says that power can be produced at one-fortieth the present cost of electricity in Berlin.

Herr Honnef is the engineer who built the towers for the well-known German wireless station at Königs-Wusterhausen. It is hoped that the Berlin tower will be ready before the end of this year, and after that has proved its worth others may be expected in many parts of Germany.

Herr Honnef claims that his 1200-foot tower will be the highest in the world. It will be more than 200 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which is 984 feet high. But it will be 48 feet shorter than the wonderful Empire State Building in New York.

### KRYLOFF AND THE FLOWERS

When we think of Siberia it is always connected in our minds with unhappy prisoners, snow, and solitude; but it appears that Siberia is much more than that. It contains many lovely flowers, herbs, and grasses.

Only a short time ago died Nikitich Kryloff, botanist. He left behind him a complete account of the flora of Western Siberia, from the Urals to the Yenisei and from the Arctic Ocean to Central Asia. Within six years this stupendous work was accomplished. There was a pause for several years to get funds enough to publish. In 1926 it began to come out in parts, and the publication is going on still.

The energetic Kryloff also founded a splendid school for Siberian botanists to follow after him, and we are grateful to his memory for creating new and delightful associations with what has hitherto been an entirely dread word to many of us.

### AN ADVENTURE STORY FROM OLD BABYLON

Part of a stone tablet has been found at Kish bearing 50 lines of the Epic of Gilgamesh, one of the oldest adventure stories in the world.

It may have been written on this tablet 4000 years ago. Many other tablets have been found, the best being a set of 12 belonging to a King of Assyria who lived about 650 B.C.

This epic is one of the most important literary products of Babylon, and, beside dealing with the adventure, gives an account of the Great Flood.

The tablet will be very valuable, being probably the oldest edition of the story ever discovered.

### A STRANGE SIGHT IN PICCADILLY

A little friend of the C.N., when younger than she is now, told her mother one day that she had seen a dead giraffe. It was not until her nurse was questioned that it was realised that she had been on a visit to the Natural History Museum to see the stuffed animals.

If she had been in Piccadilly one Saturday not long ago she would have seen another dead giraffe being put on to a lorry from a naturalist's shop to go abroad. A strange sight, before the explanation was forthcoming, to see a giraffe in Piccadilly being lifted by a dozen men.

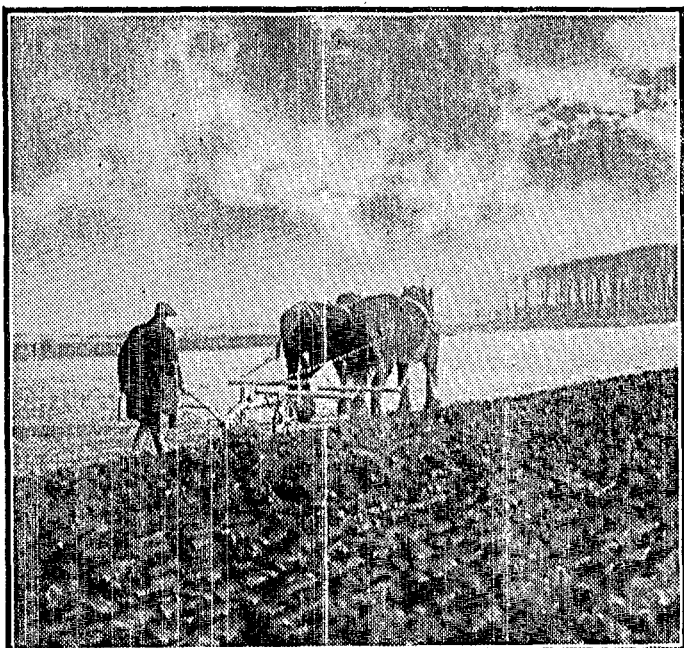


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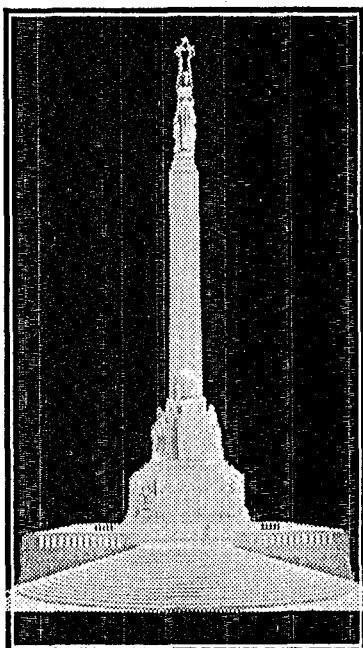
The Children's Newspaper

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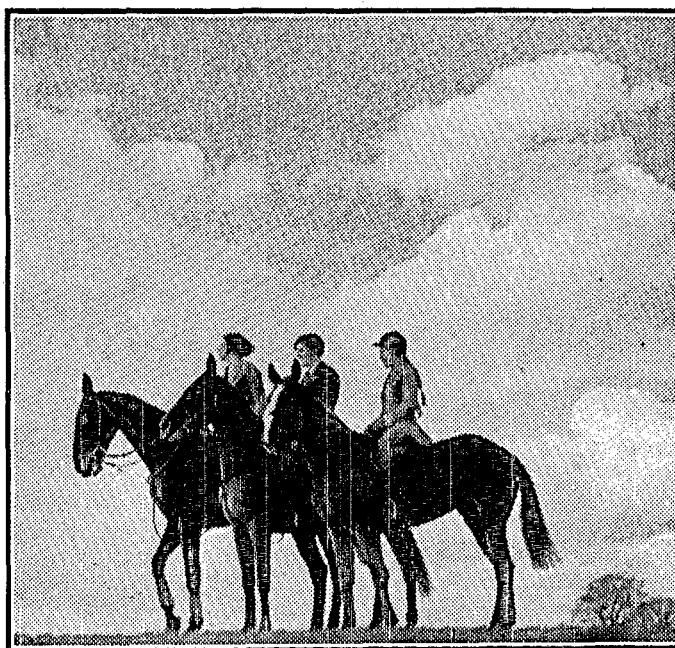
# THIEPVAL MEMORIAL · PAINTING EIFFEL TOWER · RIGA'S LIBERTY STATUE



**Spring Ploughing**—The threatening clouds give a dramatic quality to this photograph of a ploughman at work near Singleton in Lancashire.



**In Latvia's Capital**—This is the sculptor's model of the beautiful Riga memorial. See page 11.



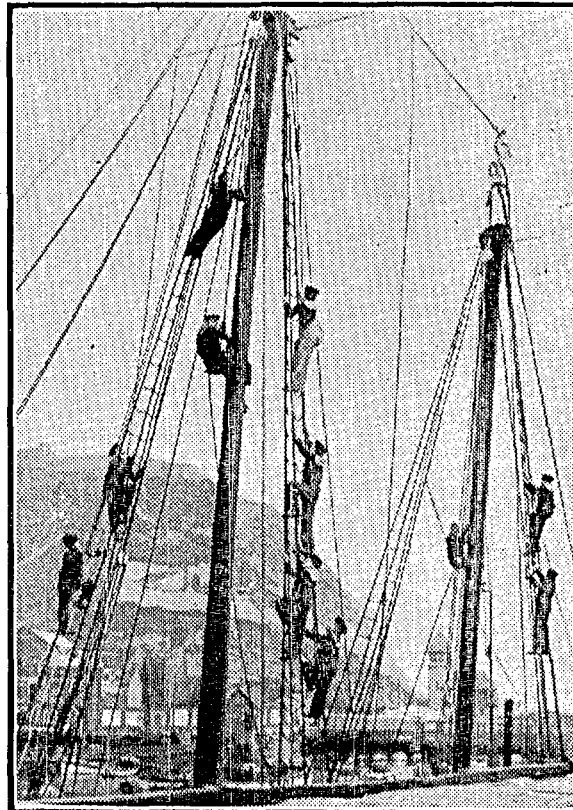
**Rides on the Hills**—A G.N. camera artist wandering through Essex could not resist making a picture of this charming group at Upshire.



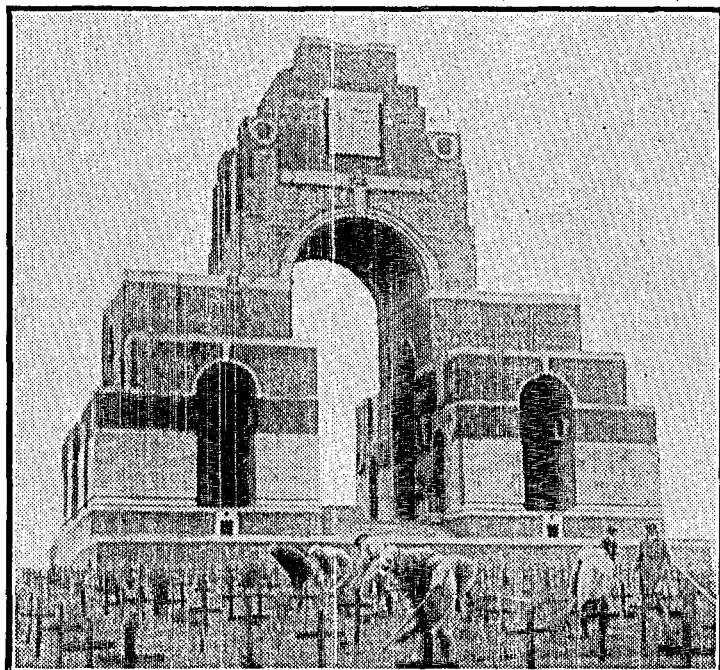
**A Dizzy Task**—For the first time in seven years the Eiffel Tower is being painted. About 45 tons of paint are required. The men shown are at a dizzy height above the Seine.



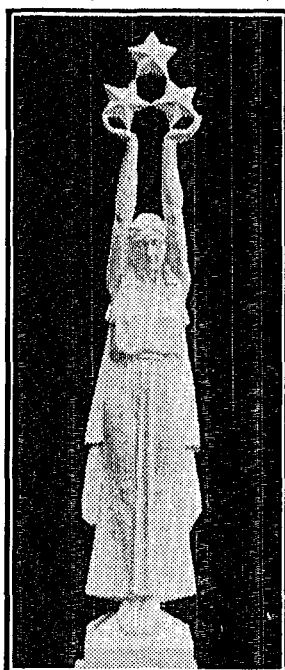
**Friends in 14 Lands**—In a Brittany village is a school with only 19 pupils, but they correspond with boys and girls in 14 other lands, as told on page 5. Here are two of the French children.



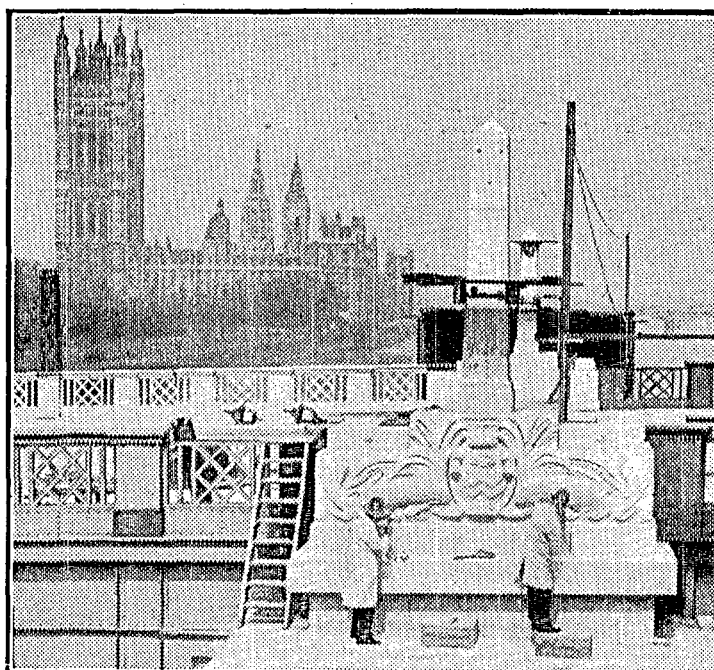
**In the Rigging**—Jack's the boy for work appears to be the motto of the lads of a sea training school at Scarborough, who are seen preparing their boat for a Whitsuntide cruise.



**A Battlefield Memorial**—On Whit Monday the Prince of Wales will inaugurate this imposing arch at Thiepval, a memorial to British soldiers killed on the Somme battlefield. The arch was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.



**Liberty**—At the top of the column being erected in Riga will stand this figure of Liberty.



**Bridge Sculptures**—Each of the eight buttresses supporting the new Lambeth Bridge across the Thames, now nearing completion, is to have a decorated capital. Sculptors are here seen at work on one of them.



## THE NEW HOUSE BREAKERS

### Problem of the Heavy Lorry TOO FAST ON THE ROADS

It is said that there are over 350,000 mechanically-propelled vehicles engaged in carrying merchandise on our roads.

Many of these are steam wagons, but a far greater number are heavy lorries, either with or without pneumatic tyres, and they carry loads of several tons. Of course the roads as originally built could not long stand traffic of this nature, but in recent times the old main roads and new highways have been constructed to withstand the buffeting of heavy traffic. Some heavy vehicles, such as buses, charabancs, and carriers of goods, may travel 30 miles an hour if they are fitted with pneumatic tyres, and certain machines may go 20 miles with solid rubber tyres.

#### Damage to Property

Many owners of houses and other buildings along main roads think these speed limits too high, and that too heavy loads are allowed on the roads, for the vibration is definitely causing damage to their property. When many of the places were built the roads were used by horse traffic, which was seldom very heavy and always leisurely in movement; and the foundations cannot stand the stress of modern traffic.

It must be said that the lawful speed of many vehicles is far too great, and with such heavy loads as are often carried it is quite impossible to pull up in a short space in an emergency. Accidents that happen every day bear out this fact, especially in the case of heavy lorries, which are responsible for far too much of our road trouble. We are glad to see that Lord Buckmaster's Road Traffic Bill seeks to establish a five-miles speed limit in urban districts for goods vehicles exceeding five tons.

## A SUPER CAT

### True Story of Amazing Intelligence

Close to where a friend of the C.N. lives in St Leonards is a grocery and provision shop, part of which is a butcher's.

Belonging to these stores is a funny little black cat, but he has a friend across the way in the shape of a shoemaker, with whom he spends most of his time.

Now as surely as here and there a human being seems to be born with a special brain this little cat, in the cat world, was born a genius.

Twice a day his friend the shoemaker puts a penny down and the cat takes it in his mouth. Then he runs across the street, dodging the hurrying traffic, to the butcher's, where he drops the penny on the ground. This the butcher picks up, cuts from a joint a luscious piece of meat, chops it up small, and gives it to the cat. But he will not take a penny from a stranger. Only his friend the shoemaker may be the privileged donor.

Being told that the cat would not take pennies from anyone except his own particular friend, the C.N. friend thought she would try the experiment and the other day proffered a penny. Black puss, who was seated on a chair in the shop, sniffed at it, but did not seem otherwise interested. Then the coin was placed near him on the chair. Out came his paw, and after one more sniff at it he pushed it on to the ground!

On a shelf in the butcher's shop sits a large pile of pennies. When asked what became of the money paid by the cat the butcher said that most of the pennies were used for the unemployed fund at Christmas.

We do not give the name of the stores, but a little searching among the shops of St Leonards would reveal the whereabouts of this busy little black cat with his amusing personality.

## ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL THING

### Passing of a Piece of Ugliness

#### EVERYBODY PLEASE NOTE

Even Robin Hood would have approved of the beautiful woods of thirty acres which nearly surround the smallpox hospital at Moxley near Wednesbury.

Who would have believed that not so many years ago this was one of the worst eyesores in England, a disused colliery consisting of nothing but old pitbanks?

When the land was acquired for the hospital the Midland Afforesting Association undertook to plant trees on thirty acres of it. Sir Oliver Lodge was present at the planting ceremony and was one of those who planted trees.

#### A Shining Example

There was a great deal against the success of the tree-growing. Large chemical works adjoin the hospital grounds, and no vegetation could thrive in their immediate neighbourhood. But suitable trees were chosen, and gradually the plantation grew into a beautiful wood. The people living near were amazed that the trees could flourish so well in these surroundings.

These enterprising tree-planters brought something besides beauty to this place of desolation. Few visitors come here, and the grounds are not open to the public.

Gradually the place has become a bird sanctuary, and somebody has actually applied for shooting rights. We are glad to hear that the hospital authorities refused the application.

Here is a shining example of what may be done with the most hopeless-looking waste places of our little island. If a bird sanctuary can be made under such conditions there are infinite possibilities of bringing beauty to the hideous dumping-grounds and slagheaps of which there are still too many in our large industrial towns.

## TWO MEN OF A GREAT CITY

### Keeping Their Memory Green

The crowded heart of every city contains memorials to past great men, most of them a depressing sight. They are blackened with grime or decayed by time, and the people pass them as mouldy remains from another generation.

Manchester has just had a reminder that soot obscures many a bright memorial to her benefactors.

In the very centre of the city, just off Deansgate, stood a black old church, long ago left with but a handful of worshippers. Its walls were covered with tablets, scrolls, and urns, all black like the building, and almost all forgotten. The site was needed, and two other churches near by could easily do its work. And so it disappeared, to the sorrow of many scattered families.

Now where St John's Church stood is a bright children's garden and playground, and a memorial rises from the green grass to the memory of all those thousands who had found a resting-place round the old city church.

It bears two special names, John Owens and William Marsden.

The first spent a long life in giving education to Manchester, and founded Owens College, now Manchester University. William Marsden was but a few years over 20 when he died, but he had already obtained the first bit of leisure for the weary industrial worker; to him we owe our Saturday half-holiday.

So the city children who play round the memorial this summer, on cool green grass instead of hot pavement, will have the chance to do honour to a great tradition: service, to the body, the mind, and the soul of the worker.

## THE GOODWILL ALTAR

### A Memory of Good Deeds PEACE MEMORIAL TO THE QUAKERS

A beautiful memorial is being set up in Swarthmore College, U.S.A., to the peace work of that company of men and women once known as "those people of God in scorn called Quakers" now found in all parts of the world.

It is especially the work during the war and afterwards that is thus commemorated. From the autumn of 1914 onward British Friends were giving wonderful service in the war-stricken areas of France; and in 1917 American Friends joined in this labour of love, rebuilding villages, restoring farms, giving medical aid, and doing all in their power, through many years, to heal the wounds caused by the ghastly war.

#### A Labour of Love

When it was over they went into Germany to continue this labour of love, and at one time as many as a million children a day were being fed. In Poland, in Austria, in Russia the work went on until 1927, and it is this long period of active service that is now commemorated by the Altar of Goodwill in the Historical Library at Swarthmore College.

It is a Peace Memorial, rather than another of the war memorials that we have in all our towns and villages, and is in the form of a big reading desk of carved oak and hand-wrought iron made to hold books on international law, arbitration, and disarmament, and to stand in an alcove specially built for it.

It is an international gift of friendship symbolising the conquest of enmity by active friendliness. Parts of it were made by wood-carvers of Germany, parts by men of other nations. The money has come from many countries, one gift being from the Christus of Oberammergau, a place famed for exquisite carving.

## THE BATTAK BOOK

### Nobody Can Read It

A little book of magic which no one can read is at present waiting for some wise man to solve its mystery.

It is a Battak Book of Spells, found in the interior of the great East Indian Island of Sumatra 25 years ago, and now in the possession of Mr Ashley Gibson, an authority on the East Indies.

The book, which is really a long, concertina-shaped strip of very thin beaten bark, is "bound" between two loose boards of hardwood, inscribed with strange marks and signs, and held in position by a rattan ring. It consists of 104 pages. The upper half of each page contains weird figures and symbols in red and black ink. The lower half is in mysterious writing made by some island witch doctor 200 years ago.

There is one man who can read some of the Battak book. He is a learned anthropologist at Leyden University in Holland; but he cannot read all of it, and as he does not understand even that part which he has been able to decipher his wisdom is not very helpful.

There are two smaller Battak books in the British Museum and one in the possession of an English lady. Neither she nor the museum authorities know the secrets their treasure contains. There may be some sound herbal medical knowledge in the book, as well as fear-some accounts of the innumerable forest demons which afflict the life of the Battak folk.

The Battaks are a people scattered in the uplands of Sumatra. Like the Achinese, they have always maintained a fierce independence. They once had an unenviable reputation as cannibals; but they have been reclaimed from this unpleasant habit by the missionaries of the German Lutheran Church.

## LONDON'S GARDENS

### What East End Children Can Do

#### THE BEAUTY THAT GROWS IN DARK PLACES

While crowds of Londoners have been walking among the radiant fields of spring in the parks and at Kew thousands of children in workaday streets have been watching the gardens that they have made themselves.

They could not have flower-beds, for most of them live in grey streets, in tenements, among East End warehouses where not a green leaf grew till they set to work. Their gardens were a window-box, a flower-pot, one bulb growing which they had saved up precious pennies to buy, and as dear to them as an acre of flower-beds and lawns might be to someone else.

The London Gardens Guild has taken this army of little workers under its wing, and the flower-pots and window-boxes came to the Royal Horticultural Hall to be judged when the Guild had its first spring flower show.

#### Work of a Great Organisation

It was a little group of just such flowers, grown as the result of a competition in Stepney 36 years ago, that led to the founding of the Guild, which is now a great organisation and has famous summer exhibitions. The Guild has many branches, and encourages all kinds of home gardening among people who love flowers and have little means and poor opportunities of growing them.

The members will tell you that they are only amateurs, but some of the flowers shown at the spring exhibition were superb. We have seen nothing better in a professional garden than some of the daffodils and narcissi.

The flowers that went to one's heart were the single bulbs grown by pale-faced children of poor districts. Some were set out along the wall under the sign South London Flower Lovers. Each pot meant the fortune, the hopes, the dreams of one small gardener, and had been watched with more jealous eyes than any show bulb at Kew.

In some cases the children brought their bulbs to school to grow, tending them themselves, just as if they were at home. The teachers have been careful not to do the work for them. Morning by morning, at a quarter-past eight, the owners of the bulbs have been at school so as to have time to water and watch their plants.

#### A Proud Cupholder

The proud holder of the Silver Cup for bulbs this year is the Green School, Rotherhithe, a school among gaunt buildings where flowers never get any sun. Perhaps love can make up for sunlight.

As wonderful as flowers grown without direct sunlight are flowers grown by blind people and those of very defective sight. The Guild of Blind Gardeners had an exhibition side by side with the school exhibition, and looking from one to the other we could feel that love and courage can triumph everywhere, that beauty grows in the darkest places.

And it was easy to see the developments of the Guild's work in the prizes for grouping flowers, in the prizes for water-colour drawings of flowers from life. A child who, living out of sight of gardens, watches a bulb grow and makes a picture of it is cultivating a sense of beauty that will by and by blossom by itself.

John Hogan, a Waterford man aged 100, has never slept for one night away from the house in which he was born.

Chester City Council has agreed to postpone the bypass road over the site of the Roman amphitheatre, so that the site may be excavated at some future date if the money can be raised.



May 14, 1932

## The Children's Newspaper

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## THE CHANGING STARS

### MILLIONS OF MILES OF FIRE

Where to Find a Pair of  
Egg-Shaped Suns  
ECLIPSING ONE ANOTHER

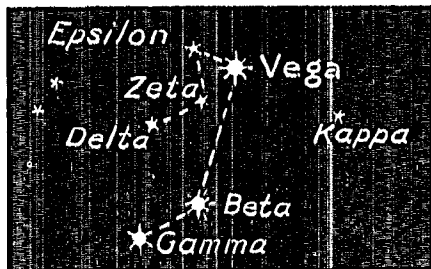
By the C.N. Astronomer

The stars appear to be always the same, so many of us might regard them as changeless and even eternal; but this is very far from being the case.

All the stars are changing, and very rapidly, though it is only in a small percentage of the heavenly host, those that are comparatively near, in which the changes are perceptible to the naked eye within the space of a year.

The changes in these far-off suns appear to the naked eye merely as variations or increases and decreases in their light, but what actually occurs is vastly different in different suns.

In most cases it consists of various forms of terrific outbursts on a colossal scale in which, in some instances, the



The chief stars of Lyra

light and heat of the particular sun may increase some fifty times in a few hours or days. Such a sun would be intolerable in our sky. A very remarkable feature of many such suns is the regularity of the outbursts.

Other stars, which are invariably gigantic spheres of highly attenuated but glowing gas and fire mist, alternately expand and contract in a sort of rhythmic pulsation and to an enormous extent, so as to produce a condition of everlasting storm of fire to a depth of many millions of miles beneath their colossal surfaces, which are occasionally greater in diameter than the Earth's orbit.

There are yet other stars in which the variation in their light, visible to the naked eye, is due to great and comparatively dark bodies coming periodically in between us and the great central sun around which they rotate, so producing more or less partial eclipses.

Then again the changes in some stars are due to their being composed of double suns and the fact that periodically one gets more or less in front of the other, when, of course, instead of getting the light of two suns we get only the light of one and perhaps a fraction of another.

#### The Wonders of Beta

Examples of all these suns have been given from time to time in the C.N. But there is yet another, rarer type, that of egg-shaped suns, which are always found in pairs or they would not be egg-shaped, because it is their close proximity to one another which produces it by gravitational attraction, just as the Earth is pulled out of shape by the Moon, but only to a very small extent.

Now, there is such a star, which may be seen as soon as it is dark, high up in the eastern sky in the constellation of Lyra. This contains Vega, the brightest star in that part of the heavens, and so, with the aid of our star-map, Lyra may be easily identified. Beta is the particular star which is composed of two egg-shaped suns. These revolve round one another, and in the course of 12 days, 21 hours, 47 minutes their light goes through a singular series of variations.

When at its brightest Beta will be seen to be just about as bright as Gamma, the star to the left. It will then start to decline from 3.4 to 3.9 magnitude, after which it brightens up again in the course of seven days to 3.4, only to drop rapidly in the next three

## TO MEET THE COMMON FOE

### The Locust Armies

War has been declared. The locusts are moving.

Along a 500-mile front they are advancing from their bases in the Kalahari Desert in South Africa and in South-West Africa.

Millions of them have already perished, drowned in the sea off Luderitz Bay; but there are billions behind them, and the farmers and stock-keepers of the cultivated lands can only hope for the best.

What can be done against an enemy which moves in such countless hordes at 100 miles a day?

In Tunisia, where an attack on a similar scale is expected from locusts whose breeding-places are hidden in the recesses of the Libyan Desert, much is being done to meet the invaders. Near Gabes a ditch 40 miles long has been dug. Baits to lure the locusts to destruction are being set; fires to burn them will be lit. Even poisoned grain has been strewn over the known breeding-grounds.

With all these precautions and counter attacks no agriculturist of either South or North Africa can feel safe.

Freedom from the locust will be gained only when all the nations—Turkish, French, Italian, and British—league themselves together to destroy it.

That is a peace task to turn them from thoughts of preparing armaments against one another. See *World Map*

## A PLAYER OF THE GAME

### Lockwood the Bowler

One of the fine band of cricketers of the days of W. G. Grace and C. B. Fry has passed away with the death of William Henry Lockwood, the old Notts and Surrey player.

He played for Nottinghamshire, his native county, in 1886 and 1887, and then qualified by residence to play for Surrey, which team he served from 1889 to 1904.

Although a splendid batsman, William Lockwood won chief fame as a bowler. The great W. G. Grace said that on a fast and true wicket he had no equal.

Twenty years ago Lockwood returned to his native Nottingham, where for many years he taught young players how to play the best of all games. He died at 64.

## A NEW STATUE OF LIBERTY

### Latvia's 13th Birthday

Latvia has celebrated her 13th birthday by laying the foundation-stone of what will surely be one of the loveliest memorials in the world.

On page 9 we show a model of what it will look like, a sculptor's vision in stone of this little country's new-found freedom and liberty.

It will stand in Riga on the spot where once was a statue of Peter the Great; but this was taken away for safety by the Russians during the war. A ship was to carry it to some new destination, but rumour goes that it found a watery grave in the Baltic.

Continued from the previous column

days to 4.5 magnitude, when it will be seen to be very much fainter than the star Gamma. In three days more Beta will have rapidly risen to its original brilliance, equalling Gamma.

These changes have been found by spectroscopy to be due to Beta being composed not only of two egg-shaped suns, but to the additional fact that they are of unequal size and brilliance, and also that they alternately eclipse one another, thus producing the double diminution of the star's light, which has taken 233 years to reach us.

How strange it would be to have two such suns in our sky! G. F. M.

## LION HOUSE NEWS

### RESTLESS CECIL

The Black-Maned Lion Who  
Refuses To Be Comforted

AND JUNO WHO TRIED  
TO ESCAPE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Lion House has been the centre of recent events of interest at the Zoo.

In the first place Cecil, the black-maned lion who left Whipsnade because he appeared to be miserable in the country zoo, has shown no gratitude. He is a remarkably fine animal, but his temper still leaves much to be desired.

Secondly, the Zoo has narrowly escaped having a lion at large in the Gardens.

This animal was Juno, a young lioness who lived in a paddock in front of the Lion House. The paddock is fenced off from the public by means of strong wires, and is furnished with a little wooden shelter. When Juno was first placed in this she was only a small cub; but she has been growing rapidly both in size and strength, and one day the keepers discovered that she had been uprooting the foundations of the wires which kept her captive.

#### Almost at Large

She had almost managed to make a way to freedom, but before she had time to complete operations she was lured into her wooden shelter, from there into a moving-box, and finally to a secure den in the Lion House.

Even if she had managed to get free, however, it is doubtful if she would have proved a dangerous fugitive. She would certainly have been an elusive one, but she is an amiable, docile young lioness, and though mischievous is neither aggressive nor quarrelsome.

A third event in the Lion House concerns Rajah, the tame old tiger. He had to undergo a slight operation, for he had neglected to make use of the tree trunk with which he is provided to keep his claws in condition.

They had grown so long that they were causing him discomfort.

#### More Baby Animals

And so they had to be cut for him. Rajah was lured into a box, given an anaesthetic, and then his claws were trimmed. Great care had to be taken in administering the anaesthetic, for the tiger is very old; but happily all went well and he is recovering rapidly.

News from other sections of the menagerie includes the arrival of more baby animals, the latest of them another anoa calf, a second litter of dingo pups, a litter of baby wolves, and two flying opossums. All are on view and growing satisfactorily.

At Whitsuntide there is to be a new attraction at Whipsnade, where visitors will be able to look down on lions prowling about in a huge chalk pit.

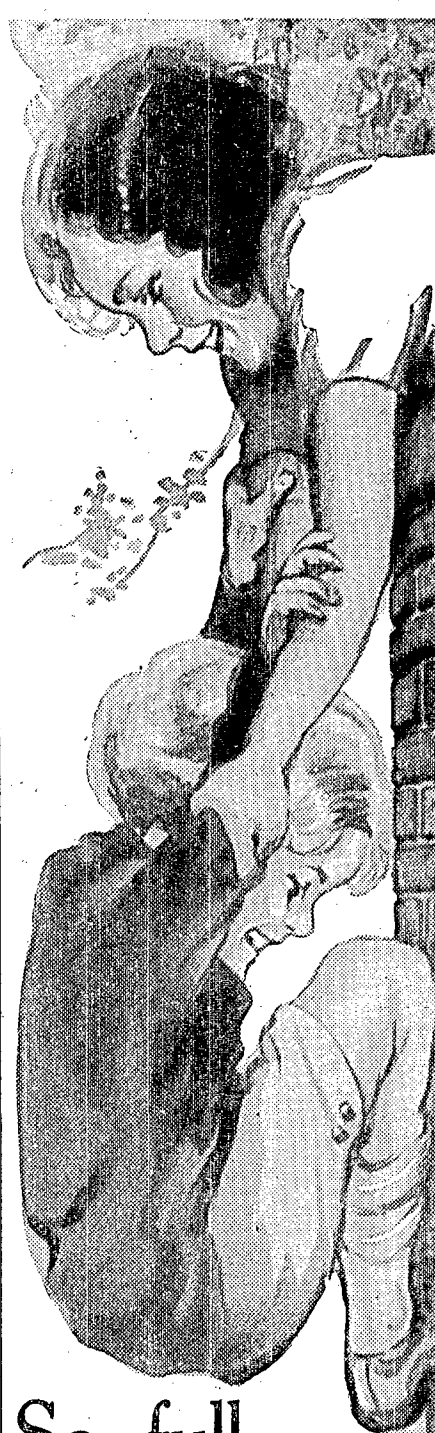
## THE NEWSPAPER WITHOUT AUTHORITY

Many C.N. readers will wonder which of our London papers were in the mind of Callisthenes of Selfridges when he wrote these words the other day.

They are sadly true of several papers now appearing daily with million circulations.

The real penalty of inaccuracy in a newspaper has been inflicted when men on hearing some bit of news quoted from it say: "It's only the —," or "It's only the —," or "It's only the —." Its authority has gone. It is spoken of with contempt. It can only be a matter of time till its revenue declines and its circulation falls.

No matter how long these technical penalties may be delayed retribution has already arrived. The paper has lost respect. The men who own it and the men who work on it have lost their pride in it. It exists to announce the news and its announcements are not taken seriously.



So full  
of energy!

THE health that ensures energy and strength depends so much on correct diet and proper nourishment. Every particle of the material used in creating health and ensuring sturdy development is obtained from nourishment. During their growing years children need more nourishment than their ordinary daily food supplies. They need the rich nourishment so abundantly contained in delicious "Ovaltine."

This perfect food beverage supplies the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods—malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. No other food can ensure the same results.

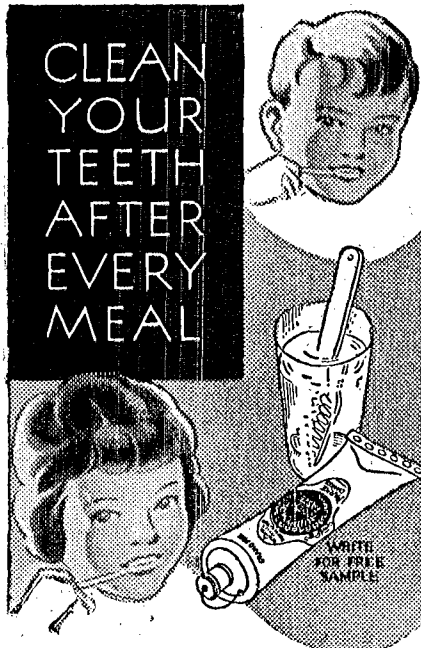
"Ovaltine" is the ideal food for giving and maintaining health, strength and vitality.

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.





CLEAN  
YOUR  
TEETH  
AFTER  
EVERY  
MEAL

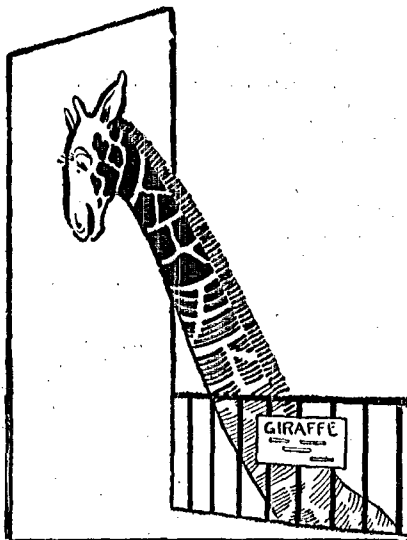
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## MAGGIE OF WIMBLEDON

### 20,000 Milk Rounds

### TAPPING THE PAVEMENT FOR A TIT-BIT

If you want to see one of the oldest horses in the world you must go to Wimbledon and listen for the cry of Milk-O!

For Maggie, aged 38, is still pulling a United Dairies milkcart there. Her record up to date is about 20,000 milk rounds; and if she were asked to what she attributes her great age she would probably reply: *Regular work, no smoking, and all the tit-bits given me by my friends on the pavement.*

She must be one of the oldest horses still working, for though the Dumb Friends League has recently arranged to look after a horse aged 44 this animal has now retired (we hope on a well-earned pension).

It is quite obvious that Maggie would hate to retire, for she has quite light work and a large share of petting. In fact, if she is not given the tit-bit which she expects at certain houses she taps imperiously on the kerb with her hoof till her friends run out apologetically for having kept her waiting.

Maggie's driver must sometimes wish that he was a horse, for though he has a longer record of service than Maggie he notices that nobody brings him out buns or makes a fuss of him.

## POOR QUEEN ANNE

At Kensington Palace the other day a visitor was informed that among other famous people who had died within its walls was Queen Anne.

It was no news to hear that Queen Anne was dead, but it was news to discover exactly where she died. Should not the ignorance of this fact have awakened a slight sense of shame in one who was guilty of it? Perhaps everyone ought at least to know where the famous event took place; though why should poor Queen Anne always seem more dead than anyone else?

## WHO WAS HAMILCAR?

Born Carthage, about 260 B.C.  
Died Spain, 228 B.C.

Barca, his surname, is the Jewish term for lightning, and refers to the character of the military operations of this great warrior and statesman. In his day Carthage was the great rival of Rome, and had colonies in Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia. Hamilcar died in the attempt to add Spain to the Carthaginian possessions and to make it a centre for an attack upon Rome.

In the First Punic War he landed in Sicily with a small army, at first little better than savages, but afterwards moulded by his will into a magnificent fighting force. He maintained himself for three years on Mount Eryx against the Romans, who for the whole time were in possession of the rest of the island, save for two additional strongholds which he held but they blockaded. To raise the blockade he moved to what is now Mount St Giuliano, and there for two years withstood the onslaughts of the Romans. At length overwhelming numbers defeated him, and brought to an end the First Punic War. Returning with his army to Africa he was unable to obtain the pay for his soldiers and was called upon to subdue a formidable insurrection.

This accomplished, he became commander of all the Carthaginian forces, and, having sworn his eldest son, Hannibal, to eternal hatred and enmity to Rome, he set out with a picked force for Spain. Some parts of the country he subdued by force of arms; other parts he won to allegiance by statesmanship. He died, however, before he could complete his plans, slain in a battle between the Tagus and the Douro. His son Hannibal carried on his task.

## HUNGARY'S PIGEONS

### Vienna Cannot Shoot Them

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Budapest, like Venice, is a city of pigeons.

Its squares and open places are as thickly carpeted with small, plump, strutting, cooing bodies as the Piazza San Marco; and in some spots, especially in front of the portals of churches, you have to pick your way with the utmost care, for the birds themselves make no effort to evade your tread.

This being so, it is easy to imagine how indignant they must have been if by any chance they heard that the other day a Vienna engineer applied for leave to catch great numbers of them and transport them for the use of the Viennese Pigeon Shooters. Indignant they would have been, yet hardly alarmed, for they would have known that the permission would never be granted.

Their confidence would have been justified, for, notwithstanding the fact that the applicant offered a temptingly large sum for the privilege he craved, the city authorities refused, on the ground that everything in the nature of a hunt or a chase in the city's territory was forbidden by statute; and that the pigeons were not owned by anyone, and consequently could not be sold. Nor (it was added as an afterthought) would the Hungarian S.P.C.A. allow them to be taken away for such a purpose.

## A LITTLE COUNTRY'S BIG IDEA

### Stirring Up the People's Brains

We in England are used to Weeks with a capital W.

We have had Rat Week and Safety Week and all sorts of Weeks; but 13-year-old Latvia has carried the idea still farther. She has just had an Education Week, not only for her children but for her whole population.

During that week there was a great stirring up of brains, every type of popular education being represented. Lecturers, artists, musicians, and actors left Riga to wander all over the country lecturing, singing, playing, acting, without receiving a penny for their services.

Thousands of people who would not or could not spend money in the ordinary way to listen to music or see good plays flocked to the halls to enjoy this new form of free entertainment, which was organised by over 600 local committees working under the Board of Education.

The railways contributed their share in free tickets to the performers. Museums and picture galleries were thrown open and visited by crowds of eager people who had never before been inside the doors. Artists loaned their pictures to exhibitions touring the provincial towns, so that the country people could get an idea of modern national art. Teachers and pupils helped a lot by performing national plays, singing in choirs, or giving the services of their school bands.

It was a grand experience, and it proved that even in a period of intense economic crisis people will respond to some splendid idea.

## NEVER SAY DIE

A little chap of ten left a London hospital in 1855.

The nurses watched him go with moist eyes, for little Samuel Harry Dancaster was discharged as incurable.

"We can do nothing for him," they said. "We need the bed for hopeful cases. He will be happier at home."

Mr Dancaster is 87 today, and has just celebrated his diamond wedding. He attributes his recovery to the advice of an old doctor: but we attribute some of it to the fact that little Samuel Harry did not say to himself "I am incurable," and die of fright.

## THE CHURCH BUILT IN A DAY

### Sawing and Hammering to the Tune of Hymns

### GOOD STORY OF HARD TIMES

A capital story of hard times comes to us of the congregation of the Church of Christ in Bentleigh, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia.

The people were in need of a church. The members used to meet for worship in a school hall, but the health authorities told them that they must find a larger building.

"Let us build our own church," said a member of the congregation, and he added: "Let us build it in a day." It was spring with us in England and summer in Australia, for all this has just happened.

### How the Work Was Done

Land and timber and the equipment for a church were all given. Only workers were needed, and soon 150 men had volunteered to help. So it was that one fine Australian summer morning, the grass still wet with dew, these men met on the site of their new church, and knelt down among their tools and saws and hammers to pray with their pastor.

At ten that night they laid down their tools and joined in prayer again; but this time it was a prayer of thanksgiving offered up within four walls, while the light streamed out through an open doorway to tell the people of Bentleigh that their church was finished.

The men were divided into groups, according to their work, the carpenters wearing red ribbons pinned to their shirts, the painters green, the electricians blue, the plumbers yellow, and the labourers white. Each step had been planned, and the men worked at a feverish speed. A timekeeper stood by a clock painted on a fence, and moved the wooden hands as the hours passed. Forty or fifty women prepared tea and coffee and sandwiches for the refreshment of the busy builders.

### The Thanksgiving

Before eight the foundation blocks were down and the flooring joists laid; before midday the uprights and the walls were raised; during the afternoon the galvanised roof was hammered on. Then the windows were put in, the doors hung, the floor boarded, the electric lights wired, and the walls painted. Everything was completed even to a painted fence round the building, and above the noise of saws and hammers the men lifted up their voices and sang Onward, Christian Soldiers.

At ten o'clock the folding-doors were flung wide so that the congregation and the workers might join together in a service of thanksgiving.

## TO AUSTRALIA IN LESS THAN NINE DAYS

The flying-man is bringing Australia closer to the Mother Country.

The quickest journey out from England has been made by Mr C. W. A. Scott, who reached Australia in eight and three-quarter days, more than five hours quicker than the previous record. His machine was an ordinary Gipsy Moth similar to those now being used by many private owners.

## THE FUEL AGE

If it is permissible to speak of eras in the employment of fuels, the Solid Coal Era will undoubtedly be followed by a Gas Era, which in turn will be succeeded by an Electricity Era. The Gas Era will be dependent upon the combination of the gas and coke oven industries, by which there will result a network of high pressure gas mains over the country and the pooling and carbonisation of all suitable coal.

Mr A. E. Dunstan



May 14, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

## WAR NEWS FOR PEACE TIME

### New Ways of Killing Men SHELLS OF UNHEARD-OF POWER

It is stated that the Admiralty now possesses a new shell of hitherto unheard-of power.

It can pierce armour-plate of the best quality over a foot thick at a range of over eight miles! The perforation is accomplished in a 200th part of a second. No known armour-plate can resist the shell. After piercing a ship the shell explodes by a time fuse and it is claimed that no battleship can resist the effects.

Then there is the contest between the tank and the bullet. The tank is a little moving fort, and is armour-plated to withstand fire. So begins a contest between the resisting power of the plate and the piercing power of the bullet.

From the Continent comes news of a new and powerful bullet capable of piercing the strongest tank. From our own military experts comes the statement that we have a new armour that can resist the Continental bullet.

#### The Winged Bullet

A German winged bullet has been invented which is of a special make and is fired from a special rifle. The rifle barrel is tapered toward the muzzle. The bullet is smaller than the barrel and has two circular wings made of soft metal around it. As the bullet is driven through the tapered barrel and forces its way down the narrowing taper the wings are compressed. So, it is said, the pressure of the explosive on the bullet is maintained as long as the bullet is in the rifle. This gives the bullet an extraordinary velocity, said to be 5000 feet a second. It is said that the principle can be applied not only to rifles but to artillery and naval guns.

Another point is said to be that the bullet makes a very big hole and inflicts terrible wounds.

It is right that these particulars should be published, for it is well that everyone should understand that science is capable of making much more deadly weapons than have yet been invented.

## COLLECTING SMILES

### Sad End of a Hobby ONE MORE UNHAPPY RUSSIAN

We hear this story of a Russian named Sernow who has died in poverty and exile, having lost the whole of his immense fortune in the great upheaval.

In the days when he was rich he had a queer hobby to which he consecrated his whole life: he collected smiles—or, rather, photographs of smiles! Wherever he went he carried a camera with him, and with a hunter's patient zeal would wait for hours or days to record the lovely, fleeting passage of joy or kindness in the faces of the happy.

When the war broke out he had over 4000 smiles in his collection, gathered from all corners of the globe. But the war put an end to his pursuit; there seemed few smiles left in the world. The revolution of 1917 compelled him to fly from Russia, leaving all his riches, including his beloved collection, behind him. The one-time millionaire became a pauper, who had to earn his daily bread by peddling and doing odd jobs.

He did not mind that so much. What he minded and mourned over to the day of his death was the loss of his collection. Sorry as one feels for him one cannot help reflecting that if he had spent his huge fortune, not on recording smiles of the happy, but on producing smiles on the faces of the unhappy, he might have collected such a mass of lovely memories as even the Bolsheviks could not have robbed him of.

## TWO TONS OF RAPHAEL MOVED

### His Transfiguration in a New Setting

#### NEW HOME FOR VATICAN PICTURES

A picture weighing between two and three tons has been moved from an old home to a new. It is Raphael's Transfiguration, and it now hangs in the new Vatican Picture Gallery.

It is not the first time it has been on a journey, for it was carried in the artist's funeral procession, being the last picture on which he worked.

The building is going to attract the attention of all the world, partly because of the magnificent and scientific way it has been arranged, and partly because of the new beauty its treasures will attain in their new setting. It has been planned largely in the style Bramante introduced to Rome in the 15th century.

#### Greatness of Bramante

Bramante was the father of Italian Renaissance architecture. Designers of the new picture gallery had only to glance at the Belvedere Galleries, close by, to be reminded of his greatness.

His nephew and pupil, Raphael, would have been delighted to see how his pictures are treated. There is space given, and dignity of surroundings worthy of the Vatican masterpieces, Raphael's Madonna of Foligno, Transfiguration, and Coronation of the Virgin.

There are 15 exhibition rooms in the new gallery, and at last space enough for the pictures. About 150 were crowded out of the old building. The lighting is excellent. Pictures which had to be guessed at before are plainly revealed now. It is a building of two storeys, and the lower storey is devoted to large rooms intended for storing and treating pictures and tapestries.

#### A Doctor of Pictures

Here Professor Biagetti, the director of the gallery, can revel in his chosen work, which is that of a doctor of pictures. Each of his gallery treasures is to him like an important patient. He keeps a record of its health and infirmities, the number of times it has been to the restorer, the difference before and after treatment.

In the new gallery he will be able to keep the patient under his own eye, bring it down in the enormous lift to be examined, to see if the enemy, Time, has been working secret ravages. There are all the appliances he needs, including a scientifically curved floor over which huge canvases can be stretched.

## WAGES FALL IN 1931

### Biggest Drop Since 1922

Wages in Britain fell seriously last year.

The Ministry of Labour reports that in most of the industries and trades for which reports are available there were decreases. Over 3,000,000 workpeople suffered an aggregate net fall of £406,000,000 in weekly full-time rates of wages. Against this a very small number of workpeople, 47,000, obtained a net increase of £5000.

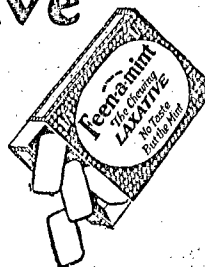
Running through the trades we find that the chief sufferers were miners, brick, pottery, glass, and chemical workers, engineers, iron and steel and other metal workers, textile and clothing workers, builders and transport workers.

Among lucky trades whose wages were unchanged last year were cotton-workers, millers, confectioners, oil workers, printers, seamen, gas-workers, tramwaymen, and soap and candle-makers.

On the whole British workpeople last year suffered a very serious fall of purchasing power, so that they became smaller buyers and thus continued the vicious circle of distress and unemployment.

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Feen-a-mint's delightful fresh mint flavour makes it a firm favourite with children. And nothing keeps them in good health so easily and safely. Feen-a-mint is definitely non-habit-forming, and because its action is utterly natural, it can be given with perfect safety, even to the very young. Try this wonderful new laxative. Buy a 1/3 box today—enough for several weeks.

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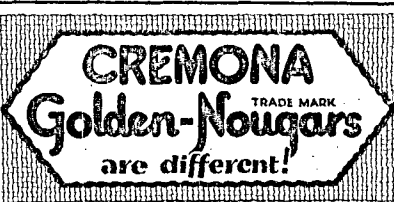
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# CHUMS

Every Saturday, 2d.



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Johnny wanted to be treated as a man... thought it rather "big" to come in to tea with dirty hands! But father talked to him. "All we men use Lifebuoy," said father, "because its anti-septic lather is the best everyday protection from tiresome illnesses, from germs—things you can't see, but pick up from almost everything you touch." Well, if father used it... So Johnny takes his Lifebuoy wash very seriously. And he's a very healthy little boy—pardon, young man!

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Any gift will be gratefully received by  
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President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.



# THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by  
John Halden

## CHAPTER 11. The Last Match

TIMOTHY lay silently listening to the slow, painful breathing on the other side of the dark room. Gagged and bound as he was he could make no immediate effort to find out who the other occupant of the room could be. His gag, however, had been hastily thrust into his mouth, and after a few convulsive efforts he got rid of it.

"Who's there?" he asked in a whisper. A gurgling sound was the only reply. "So they've gagged you too, poor chap!" he remarked. "I'm bound hand and foot but I'll see what I can do."

Timothy's hands and feet had been tied up hastily and in the dark. He had known how to make his wrists larger by clenching his fists while the bonds were being tied, and in the hurry his trick had not been discovered. He now tried to slip his hands out of the cords that held them, but although they were not painfully tight, thanks to his forethought, he could not get free.

"I don't suppose you've a knife in your pocket, have you?" he asked his unseen companion.

A negative sound replied. "Do you mind if I search them for something that might do?" persisted Timothy. Again the negative sound in the other's throat answered him. This time the sound had a note of hope in it.

Timothy rolled across the floor in the direction from which the sound had come. In the darkness he bumped into various articles of furniture and paused to feel the nature of each one—but it is impossible to saw through rope against the leg of a chair or against the fender of an empty fireplace.

At last, in his bumping progress he came up against something soft. A slight sound told him it was another human being, lying bound like himself on the floor. For a moment he wondered why this person, a boy, he thought, had lain so still in the same place, then he twisted himself round until his hands, bound behind his back, were against the other.

"I'm going through your pockets, if you don't mind," he announced. "There might be something in them one could use to get free. You never know."

"Hm—" gurgled the other. However willing the other person may be, it is not easy to search his pockets if your own hands are tied behind your back. Timothy felt the near trousers pocket. There was nothing in it. He tried the right-hand jacket pocket with the same result. Then the pockets on the other side.

"I say, old man, you haven't much to show," murmured Timothy, finding all the pockets empty. "Have they searched you already?"

Again the assenting gurgle. Timothy felt discouraged. "Then it doesn't seem to be much good my going over the same ground again, does it?"

The unknown boy made another sound in his throat. This time it was a sound of eagerness and encouragement.

"Then there's something in your pocket those brutes overlooked?" questioned Timothy.

"Hm—" gurgled the other. "Now what pockets are there," murmured Timothy. "I say, the breast-pocket in your coat."

Timothy rolled over and felt it. There was a handkerchief there, but apparently nothing else. He moved away, and was arrested by an eager sound.

"Missed something, did I?" he said, and tried again. This time he came upon a flat book of matches under the silk handkerchief, and heard a sound of relief in the other's throat. For a moment Timothy did not realise what good those matches could be for his purpose. He had been trying for something with a cutting edge.

"By Jove!" he said at last. "Between the two of us we can burn through the cords on my wrists—they're looser than yours, I should think."

"Hm—" the other assented eagerly.

"Look here," continued Timothy, "you'll have to strike the matches one by one behind your back. Can you manage, or are your hands too tightly tied? Then I'll ease up to you and hold my hands over the flame. It's going to be pretty awkward, because both our hands are tied behind our backs. And be sure to snuff out each match when it has burned down—if we set the place on fire it would be the end of both of us! Don't be afraid of burning my hands," he added. "It will have to be you who holds the match, I'm afraid. Neither of us would be able to see what he was doing, but I'm the only one who can speak. You

just strike the match and hold it; I'll work round until I get the cord between my wrists in the right position over the flame."

While Timothy was speaking he had worked round until he and the other boy were sitting back to back. He put the little book of matches into the bound hands touching his own, and a few seconds later felt something burning against his wrist. Hastily he moved his hands, holding them as far apart as the cord would allow, and got the cord, as he hoped, against the flame. Soon he was rewarded by a faint smell of burning hemp.

"Good man!" said Timothy heartily, as the tiny flame went out. "Another match may do it."

In spite of his hopes, however, it took several matches to burn through the heavy cord. More, the hands of the other boy were shaking from long disuse and the tight cords that held them. In spite of all their care the flame of the matches sometimes touched Timothy's skin.

At last the cord was burned through, and Timothy swung round.

"Good for you!" he said. "If there are any matches left give them to me, will you? I want to have a look at what those brutes have done to you." He took the book from the other, and felt it in the darkness. There was one match left.

"That was a narrow squeeze," he remarked.

## CHAPTER 12

### Escape

TIMOTHY struck the last match as he spoke, and saw in the slight flare a white, exhausted face with a heavy gag in the mouth. He saw, too, the reason why the other boy had not moved from his position. His feet were not only tied together but fastened to the heavy leg of a table.

"What unutterable brutes!" he muttered as the flame of the match went out. He said nothing further, being busy fumbling about in the dark to unfasten the gag, which was almost choking the boy.

"I don't see how you've managed all this time, old man," he remarked as the

last knot was untied. "That's a perfectly brutal gag. Who put it on you?"

The other boy spent a moment or two getting his breath before he answered. "A man whom I only know as Number Eight," he said.

"I thought so," returned Timothy, untying the cords about the other's hands and feet.

In the darkness the boy's hands had accidentally come in contact with the lapel of Timothy's coat. Under it was pinned the little silver badge of the society. The boy's fingers instantly slipped round it.

"So you're another of them, are you?" he said bitterly. "I might have guessed it. Whatever your purpose, it's no good. I'll tell you nothing."

"Hold hard, old man," said Timothy. "I don't belong to that gang of cut-throats."

"Oh, tell that to someone who doesn't know the badge," returned the other wearily, and rose from the floor. "Give me a minute to get the circulation back into my legs and I'll fight you for it. I must say it was sporting of you to set me free first."

"Well," said Timothy, "you ought to guess from that that I don't belong to a crowd that would drop a drug into a fellow's drink in order to abduct him."

"How did you know they did that to me?" asked the other quickly.

"I didn't know," returned Timothy. "It happens to be what they did to me."

"Who are you?" asked the boy, still doubtfully.

"Timothy Crane."

"That's only your name, and doesn't mean anything to me," said the other. "I asked you who you are."

"Nobody in particular," said Timothy, hesitating, for it is hard to explain who one is to those for whom one's name is not enough. "Who are you?"

"James Norton."

In the darkness Timothy was aware that the other boy stiffened as he said this, as if expecting attack.

"Your name doesn't mean anything to me, either," said Timothy, smiling. "Is your father an inventor?"

"Yes."

"Good enough," responded Timothy heartily. "Now I know who you are."

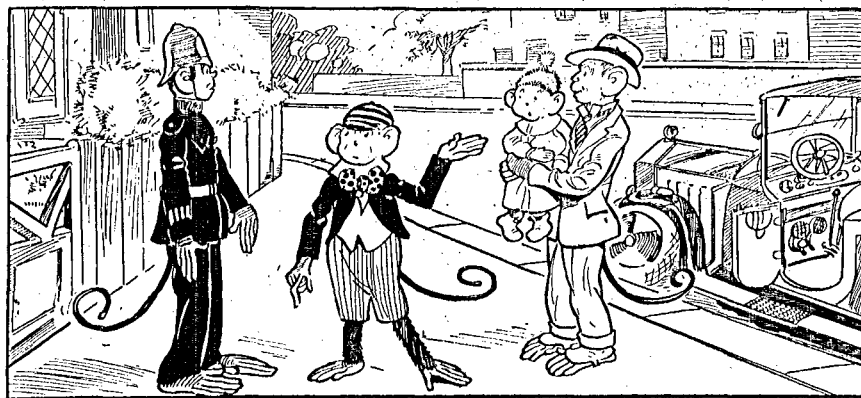
## JACKO IS SUSPICIOUS

WHEN Jacko got to the Monkeyville Stores one morning he blundered up against a perambulator which was standing in the doorway.

"Sorry!" he muttered—and was surprised to see nobody but the baby,

He raced after the car, jumped on the luggage carrier, and held on tight.

On went the car, up one street and down another, and stopped. The door opened, and out sprang the man with the baby in his arms.



"I saw him do it," said Jacko

who chuckled and laughed up into Jacko's face as if he liked being jerked half out of his seat.

"Jolly little kid!" thought Jacko, grinning back at him.

He did his errand, and made for the door. As he went out of the building he noticed the perambulator still standing in the entrance. He thought it strange that nobody was minding it.

Just then a car drove up and a man sprang out. He looked at the baby and then through the open door into the busy shop, buzzing with people.

With one eye still on the baby he stepped into the shop, looked hastily round, and then did something that took Jacko's breath away. He picked up the baby, put it in his car, and drove off.

"Coo!" cried Jacko, "Kidnapping!"

There was a policeman on the corner. Jacko flew at him. "Hi, officer!" he shrieked. "That man's kidnapping a baby—took it out of a perambulator at the stores! I saw him do it."

The bobby looked severe. "What are you doing with that youngster?" he asked.

"Taking it to be photographed," said the man. "Surprise for my wife."

"Where is your wife?" asked the policeman.

"Bargain hunting," laughed the man. "She'll be there all the afternoon. But what it's got to do with you," he added, suddenly growing angry, "either of you, I don't know."

And, to Jacko's astonishment, he reached across and gave him a sound box on the ears

I've been wandering about London all night trying to find you, but without the vaguest notion where you were or even what your name was."

"Why should you do that?" "I'll tell you once we're out of here," said Timothy. "Meanwhile, try to believe that I'm on your side. I don't blame you for being suspicious of anyone wearing this badge, but believe me I don't belong to that lot."

"You don't behave as if you did," said James Norton, "but members of the society know how to play many parts."

"Come along, anyhow," said Timothy. "You don't want to stay here, do you? When I left Number Eight he was pretty well occupied with a couple of bright bullies in the garden. But he may get clear of them and look in to see that you are safe."

Jimmy Norton was already feeling about the walls for a window. "I saw one here when I was first put in," he said, "but I don't know if we can get through it."

Timothy also began to feel about the walls. By good luck he found the window, set high in the wall. He pushed aside the curtains and saw the starlit night outside.

"Give me a leg-up, will you?" he called softly to the unseen boy on the other side of the room. "I'll see if I can open this."

With Jimmy's assistance he managed to reach the window-frame. It was locked, but apparently the boys captors thought them safe enough as they were bound, and the window was soon opened.

"If you'll hang on to my feet, Jim," said Timothy, "I'll have a look outside."

Timothy looked out of the window. To his relief it opened not on to the garden, but on a street at what he supposed was the front of the house. It was in the second storey, but Timothy thought he saw an overhanging ledge to the side of the window-sill, and a foothold below.

"I'll try what I can do," he said over his shoulder. "Stay here, and if you see me safe down follow the same way."

The descent was not particularly difficult. In a few moments the two boys were on the deserted pavement in front of the house. Before they had time to decide which way to go, however, the sound of angry voices above made them look up. A light glimmered for a moment beyond the window they had just left.

"He's got away," said a voice with a fat wheeze in it, which Timothy remembered. "Now you see what you've done, you idiots! Didn't I tell you your blundering would spoil everything?"

"There's the open window," said another voice, and a head was pushed out into the starlight. "He can't have gone far."

"We'll have to run for it!" whispered Timothy to his companion. "And quietly too. Can you get your shoes off?"

With a couple of quick movements Jim untied his shoelaces and stood up with the shoes in his hand. Timothy had done the same. "Do you know your directions?" he asked.

"No," returned the other. "I was unconscious when I was brought here."

"They run to that kind of thing," remarked Timothy. "Well, we'll go at random until we get our bearings. Come on!"

The two boys, in their stocking feet, made scarcely a sound as they sped down the pavement.

Behind them they heard angry voices at the door of the house they had just left.

"If they're wise they'll divide forces," thought Timothy. And this was what the pursuers did. The boys heard pattering feet behind them as they dodged up one street and down another. They had the advantage, however, in moving silently. The last pursuer was finally shaken off. Timothy drew nearer to his companion as he ran. "Know where your father is?" he panted.

"No. But I think they've imprisoned him at the headquarters of the society."

"I had the same idea," returned Timothy. "We'll go there, shall we?"

The boy at Timothy's side was running irregularly and gasping for breath.

"You're a bit done in, aren't you?" asked Timothy, wondering if it was safe to suggest a rest.


"No; I'm all right," returned Jim. "My late host omitted to give me anything to eat, that's all."

"What an idiot I was not to think of that," said Timothy. "Come to remember it, I've had nothing much lately myself. Let's stop at that coffee-stall over there."

Coffee and a thick beef sandwich apiece gave the boys new courage, and not long afterward they were standing in African Court, looking up at the lightless windows of Number 6, from which Timothy had with such difficulty escaped a few hours before.

TO BE CONTINUED





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### The Good BEEF SUET

#### RECIPE.

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Flat  
teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atona' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from **HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.**

447C



## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

IN between the middle-aged folk and the young people is a missing generation. It is the generation that died in the Great War; but of what avail has their sacrifice been? How has it bettered the world? Read the striking article in the June number of My Magazine, on sale this week-end—one shilling. Here are some of the other articles in this issue:

The Rampart of the Chesil Beach  
The Struggle of Edward Manet  
Half a Nation in Seven Spots  
The Windows of the World  
The Life in an English River

There are many other articles, besides stories, poems, puzzles, and numerous pictures. Order your copy now.

**MY MAGAZINE**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 14, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Scores and Scores

"LARGE oranges are tenpence a score more than small ones, madam," explained the grocer to Mrs Brown.

She said that she would have equal quantities of each, and when she got home she discovered that on an average the price of the oranges was tenpence for eight.

What was the price of each kind a score?

Answer next week

### Long Ago

**Parchment.** It was the rivalry between two ancient kings which led to the invention of parchment. Ptolemy Philadelphus forbade the export of papyrus reed from Egypt to King Eumenes of Pergamum because he jealously felt that Eumenes might build up a library greater than his own.

It therefore became necessary for Eumenes to search for a substitute, and he ordered the skins of sheep to be dressed in such a way that they could be written upon.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le loquet Le citron Le treillis

Elle ne peut atteindre le loquet. Prenez-vous du lait ou du citron? Ce treillis sépare nos propriétés.

### A Gross of Pencils

A GROSS of pencils is tied into bundles, some containing 15 and the others 18. How many bundles are there? Answer next week

### The Highest Cliffs

THE highest cliffs in the British Isles, and perhaps even in Europe, are to be found on the little island of Foula, to the westward of the Shetland group. Here, facing the north-west, is a cliff known as the Kame which has a drop of no less than 1372 feet. Curiously enough, on the east side of Foula the cliffs are very low, and in some places the land is almost level with the seashore.

### What Flower Is This?

IN the jest but not in the fun, In the cake but not in the bun, In the straw but not in the hay, In the poem but not in the lay, In the smile but not in the laugh, In the knee but not in the calf, In the sphere but not in the ball, Complete, it's seen on trellis or wall.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-West and Venus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, May 18.



### The Whitethroat

THE whitethroat is now laying. The nest is usually protected by being built among furze, brambles, or nettles; but if the female is disturbed while she is sitting on the eggs she will often try to distract attention from the nest by fluttering away as if she were injured.

At present whitethroats are living on insects, but they will prefer berries later in the summer.

### Changed Initial

I AM a wild animal. Change my initial and I mean to rip;

Change again and I am a fruit; Again, and I am a period of time; Again, and I am the back; Again, and I mean terror; Again, and I am expensive; Again, and I am not far.

Answer next week

### I and U

DAVID GARRICK, the great actor, was once accused of pronouncing the *i* in such words as mirth as if it were a *u*. He replied with this verse:

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter, I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better.

May the just rights of Letters as well as of men

Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.

Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due, And that I may be never mistaken for U.

### Tradesmen

OF what trade is a weathercock? Of what trade is the Sun?

What trade never turns left? What trade is noted in English literature?

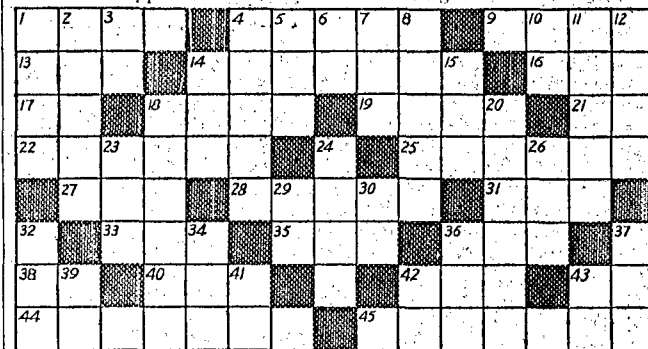
Of what trade is the Prime Minister? What trade is it whose best works are trampled on? Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

String For the Parcel Word Square Rhyme  
72 inches—four O P A L S  
times the length of PETAL  
each edge plus six ATONE  
inches for knots. LANCEP  
A Charade. Fare-well. SLEEP

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 52 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. A small particle. 4. Freed from concern. 9. A poet. 13. Poetical term for *to open*. 14. A barge. 16. To bind. 17. French for *of*. 18. A male attendant. 19. To throw. 21. Father. 22. Sufficient. 25. Food cupboard. 27. Total. 28. A lock of hair. 31. A tune. 33. A useful metal. 35. The ocean. 36. A poem. 38. A Roman coin. 40. A public conveyance. 42. A mass of confused type. 43. Heraldic term for gold. 44. Part of a church. 45. The purple goat's-beard.

**Reading Down.** 1. Fashion. 2. Begins. 3. A note in the tonic sol-fa scale. 4. Four and four more. 5. A period of time. 6. Request for silence. 7. And so on. 8. Transactions. 10. Denotes contiguity. 11. More mature. 12. High-priced. 14. To fall behind. 15. Royal Scottish Academy. 18. A porous stony substance ejected from volcanoes. 20. Occupations. 23. Beyond usual limits. 24. Profound. 26. A stamp. 29. Royal Society. 30. South Africa. 32. An elastic aeriform fluid. 34. A short sleep. 36. A liquid of vegetable or animal origin. 37. Attempt. 39. Saint. 41. Bachelor of Law. 42. Pennsylvania. 43. Preposition.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Doing His Best

A YOUNG man at the theatre was annoyed with the constant coughing of the man sitting next to him.

"That's a bad cough of yours," he ventured during the interval. "I'm afraid it's the best I've got," was the reply.

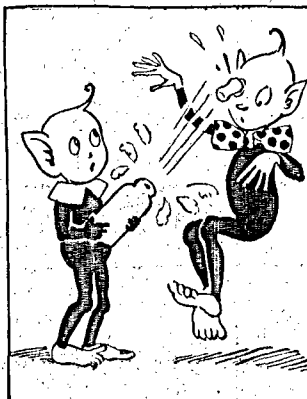
### Each to Its Element

AS the long-winded lecturer paused and drank from a glass of water a voice called out in protest.

"It's all wrong," said the voice. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded the chairman.

"I mean that a windmill should not go by water."

### Enough



"WILL you have some ginger-beer?"

Said little Dill to Duff. "Thank you very much, my dear, I feel I've had enough!"

### Self-Condemed

HE was before the magistrate on a charge of furious driving. "Guilty or Not Guilty?" he was asked.

"Not Guilty, sir."

"Ever been charged before?" asked the magistrate.

"No, sir," he replied. "I've never driven furiously before."

### All Aboard

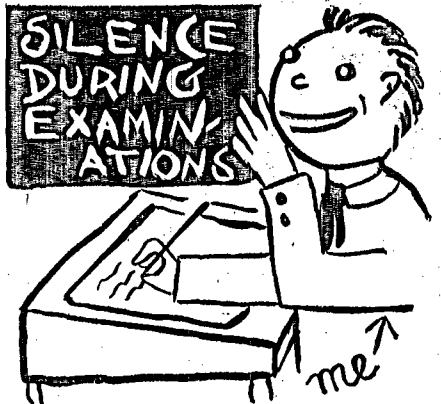
THE dear old lady approached the guard.

"Does this train go to Manchester, please?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," was the reply.

"Are you sure it goes to Manchester?" she persisted.

"Well, madam," said the guard, "the stationmaster, the driver, the fireman, and the head waiter in the dining-car are under the impression that it goes to Manchester. Beyond that I know nothing."



Ssh! I'm doing my Geography Examination and I'm not supposed to speak. One question says: "WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGES OF ENGLAND AND WALES?" That's easy. The answer is "Nothing," but I daren't say that or I shall incur teacher's wrath! So here we go (drawings also by me.)

### MY ESSAY

There are quite a lot of mountains scattered over England and Wales, and I have seen lots of them, but the loveliest of all are in North Wales where Snowdon, the highest one in England and Wales, is to be found.

We had a holiday in North Wales last year. We caught a London, Midland and Scottish Railway train from Euston and I wished that Wales were twice as far away so that we could have two lunches in the Dining Car. It's such fun eating at the little tables and watching the waiters rush up and down the train. It would be more fun if they dropped something sometimes, but they never do.

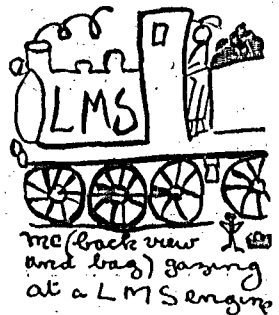
Dad says (and he knows everything) that North Wales is the ideal holiday place because there is something of everything there. If you like sands there is lovely Llandudno or ripping Rhyl (note the clever alliteration). If you prefer Golf, like dad does, then there is Abergele (I can't think of any adjective beginning with "a" for this one). Everywhere else there is tennis, bowls, concerts and other amusements. Best of all is the wonderful scenery among the lakes and mountains, that is unequalled.

Dad bought me a special pair of climbing boots with big nails in the bottom and we used to set off with our compass and maps. We included plenty of raisins and chocolate in our rucksacks and that made climbing more interesting. But we didn't really do a lot of it and Snowdon was rather high so we went up in the mountain railway and walked back.

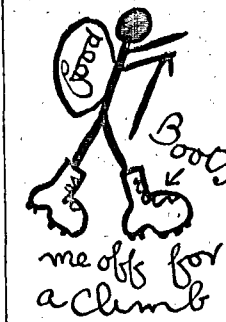
The railway is only a little narrow one, and very safe because each carriage can stop itself. The distance up and down is about 10 miles. We used to see a lot of rock climbers and I wanted dad to buy me a long rope and let me go too, but he said he didn't want to go to a funeral at that time because he had not got a black suit.

We travelled all over North Wales for a whole week with a London, Midland and Scottish Railway Holiday Contract Ticket (only 5/- for me, half price), and 10/- for dad. We visited Prestatyn, Ruthin, Llandudno, Bethesda and Holyhead. I hope we go again this year, in which case I shall be able to write still more about mountains.

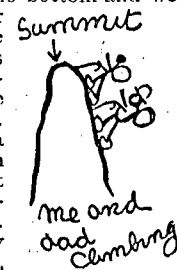
Praps I'll see you in North Wales this year



me (back view and bag) gazing at a LMS engine



me off for a climb



me and dad climbing

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

IT was Basil's birthday, so his mother said he could ask some of his friends to tea, and told him that Uncle Arthur had promised to come to do some conjuring for them.

Basil was delighted. He loved conjuring tricks, and he knew that Uncle Arthur usually brought him a lovely birthday present. So he was a little disappointed when his uncle arrived without any present at all. "Perhaps he's forgotten it's my birthday," he thought, "but I should think he would notice my birthday cake!"

However, in the excitement of the birthday tea and settling down to watch the conjuring Basil soon forgot about his present. He and his friends, Bob and Molly Wood and

the three Stewarts from next door, sat in a row opposite the table where Uncle Arthur had arranged his things.



"Oh! I'm not," said Basil

They watched with their eyes and mouths wide open, for the conjurer brought out flags and coloured handkerchiefs from an empty tube; he made pennies disappear in

the air and then found them down his collar; he rubbed cards to nothing in his hands, and conjured away a real glass of water from the table and discovered it under a silk hat!

Then he picked up the hat and said it seemed very heavy. And, though he let the children examine it to see that it was quite empty, he felt round the lining and brought out a bag of sweets, which he gave to Molly Wood. Then he found another bag, and another, until all five of Basil's little guests had a bag of sweets out of the magic hat.

"Dear me!" said Uncle Arthur, still feeling in the hat, "there doesn't seem to be a bag for Basil. Still, as he's getting such a big fellow I

expect he's feeling rather too old for sweets."

"Oh, I'm not," said Basil, smiling bravely.

"Well," said his uncle, "what a pity! That really seems to be the last bag. I can't find any more. Oh, hullo! what's this in the lining? There is something here, I think!" And he pulled out a little square box. "Well, there's no mistake about this," he said, looking at it, "it has Basil's name on it."

The others clapped their hands, for the label said, "Basil, with Uncle Arthur's love."

And when Basil opened it what do you think he found? A real silver watch, which Uncle Arthur had brought him for a birthday present.

## THE CONJURING TRICK